

Queen Catharine :

OR, THE

Ruines of Love.

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

New THEATRE in *Little-Lincoln's-Inn-Field*,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

---

Written by Mrs. Pix.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Turner*, at the *White Horse* without,  
and *Richard Bassett* / at the *Mitre* within, *Temple-Bar*.

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To the Honourable  
Mrs COOK of Norfolk.

Madam,

**D**I D not some of the brightest and best our Sex can boast of Incur Attempts of this kind, the snarling Cynicks might prevail and cry down a diversion, which they themselves participate, though their ill Nature makes them grumble at their Entertainment, but when they shall see this Glorious name in the Front, when they shall know a Lady belov'd by Heaven and Earth, Mistress of all Perfections, the bounteous Powers give, or human nature is Capable to receive: when, I say they understand you protect, and like Innocent Plays, they must Acquiesce and be forc't to own so much goodness, cannot choose amiss. Queen Catharine, who tasted the Vicissitudes of Fate, will now forget her sufferings, and under such a Noble Patroness remain fixt in lasting Glory; and if my weak Pen has fail'd in the Character of that Great Princess: now I've made her an ample recompense, for where cou'd I have found a Lady of a more illustrious descent, or more Celebrated for her Vertues? The name of Cary Graces all our *English* Chronicles and is adorn'd with the greatest Honours; yet that Noble stock did ne'er produce a lovelier branch than your fair self, and as if Heaven Correspondent to our wishes, design'd you its peculiar blessings, you are given to a Gentleman, of whom we may venture to say, he merits even you? Oh! may you appear many, many succeeding years, the bright Examples of Conjugal Affection, and ~~banish~~ that bare-fac'd Vice out of Countenance, which breaks the Marriage Vows without a blush: May you still remain blest in each other, pleas'd to see your Beauties and your Vertues renewed in your Charming Race, whilst the admiring World shall wonder at your happiness, and reform in hopes to obtain some of those blessings. May every thing contribute to your continual satisfaction, and amongst your more solid Joys, give me leave,

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Madam, to hope this trifle may find a vacant hour, when you will deign to peruse it, and be so good to forgive the Authors presumption in laying it at your feet.

I cou'd not, without a plain Contradiction to the History, punish the Instruments that mademy Lovers unhappy; but I know your Ladyship will trace *Richard* the Third into *Bosworth* Field, and find him there, as wretched as he made *Queen Catharine*.

I dare not add more, knowing how unworthy all I have said, or can say, is of you; therefore shall only reiterate my Prayers for your lasting Happiness, and beg to subscribe my self,

Madam,

The humblest of your

Ladyships admirors, and

Most obedient Servant,

Mary Pix.

PRO

# PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. Batterton.

**T**IS grown so hard a Task to please the Town,  
We scarce can tell what Prologue will go down:  
But right or wrong a Prologue must be writ,  
A dull one sometimes may divert the Pit,  
Substantial dullness does as well as wit.  
For if you laugh, what matter whence the mirth,  
Whether from plenty of the Wit, or dearth?  
A heavy English Tale to day, we show  
As e'er was told by Hollingshead or Stow,  
Shakespear did oft his Countries worthies chuse,  
Nor did they by his Pen their Lustre lose.  
Hero's revive thro' him, and Hotspur's rage,  
Doubly adorns and animates the Stage:  
But how shall Woman after him succeed,  
And what excuse can her presumption plead.  
Who with enervate voice dares wake the mighty dead;  
To please your martial men she must despair,  
And therefore Courts the favour of the fair:  
From buffing Hero's she hopes no relief,  
But trusts in Catharine's Love, and Isabella's grief.

EPI-



# EPILGQUE:

Written by Mrs. Trotter. Spoken by Miss Porter.

**W**Hat Epilogues are made, for who can tell,  
Twere worth the pains to write and speak 'em well.  
If they cou'd gain your favour for bad Plays,  
But by their merit you'll condemn or praise:  
'Tis but a form, no matter then by whom,  
Or what is said, and therefore I am come.  
I, who no partial Voice can hope to engage,  
No graces of my own, nor of the Stage:  
But tho' I cannot yet expect to move,  
Or merit either your applause or love:  
Sure practising so young I may improve.

That's all I come for: what's the Play to me,  
And since I'm here, I think I'll let you see,  
What you're to hope, I may hereafter be.  
Come, a short taste of some Heroick now?  
But do not trust me, no, for if you do,  
By all the furies and the flames of Love:  
By Love, which is the hottest burning Hell,  
I'll set you both on fire to blaze for ever.

How was that done, I'll swear it pleases me,  
And tho' I came careless of your decree,  
If favouring, or against our Tragedy,  
Methinks I'm now grown tender of its fate,  
Who knows but I may come to act Queen Kate.

ACT.



T H E  
**Actors Names.**

*Edward the Fourth.*  
*Duke of Clarence*  
*Duke of Gloucester*  
*Earl of Warwick*  
*Malavill*

*Citizens, Guards, &c.*

*Owen Tudor*  
*Lord Dacres*  
*Sir James Thyrrold*

*Mr. Scudamore.*  
*Mr. Verbruggen.*  
*Mr. Arnold.*  
*Mr. Kynnaſton.*  
*Mr. Bayly.*

*Mr. Batterton,*  
*Mr. Freeman.*  
*Mr. Thurmond.*

**W O M E N.**

*Queen Catharine*  
*Isabella her Ward*  
*Esperanza Woman to Isabella*  
*Ladies of Honour.*

*Mrs. Barry.*  
*Mrs. Bracegirdle.*  
*Mrs. Martin.*

**A C T**

THE

# Accord Names

Mr. Brown  
Mr. Green  
Mr. White  
Mr. Black  
Mr. Grey

Mr. Jones  
Mr. Smith  
Mr. Clark  
Mr. Adams  
Mr. Miller

Church of Christ

Mr. Davis  
Mr. Wilson  
Mr. Moore

Mr. Taylor  
Mr. Brown  
Mr. Green  
Mr. White  
Mr. Black

# W O M E N

Mrs. Brown  
Mrs. Green  
Mrs. White  
Mrs. Black  
Mrs. Grey

Queen Elizabeth  
Lady Mary  
Lady Anne  
Lady Jane  
Lady Elizabeth

ACT

# ACT the First. Scene the First.

*Enter Edward IV. Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Warwick, and several Lords, as rising from Council.*

*Edw.* **N**oble are your resolves, my worthy Friends:  
 Yes! we will meet again this Warlike Queen,  
 Who wields her self the Sword, and gives the Distaff  
 To the Effeminate and Holy Henry.  
 My Lord of *Warwick*, Guide and Father now,

Ever Unconquer'd leader of the War!  
 You saw, your Eyes beheld the fall of *Tork*,  
 Made a short promise to his mounting Spirit,  
 That you wou'd still assist his daring Sons.  
 The dying Hero at the assurance smil'd,  
 Pleas'd, and secur'd, he left this Earth to us.  
 With *Warwick* on our side, what Foe can shock us,  
 So Guarded, even Gyants to our Souls  
 Appear like Infants, and can move no terrour.  
 Shall then a Woman, a rasi giddy Woman,  
 Oppose the Force and Arm of *Hercules*?  
 O Vanity!

*Warw.* Vain are indeed these Words; go, Royal *Edward*;  
 Pour on the fairer Sex thy Oily speeches,  
 Joyn'd with thy goodly Person, there they can't  
 Fail of Success; but give me trust, not flattery.  
 The rule of Sacred Justice be thy word?  
 As well in virtue, as in name be King;  
 And then if I forsake thee, may this Arm,  
 To which I owe the Power of executing  
 Your Noble Orders in the dusty field,  
 Be lost, and all the Courage that inspires it.

*Edw.* I'm hush'd, the talking Genius now is silent,  
 List'ning to those great Oracles you utter.

*Enter Clarence.*

*War.* Here comes *Clarence*, like a Bridegroom drest.  
 My Lord of *Gloucester*! I believe these gay Princes  
 Think we rough Fellows were only made

To tug for them for Conquests in the War;  
Force from Crown'd heads their feeble Sceptres;  
Then all our toyl and labour's paid, when we  
Behold how well the gawdy Robe becomes them.

*Glon.* Rather let the bright Circle tear, tear  
Their beauteous Fronts, and leave them horrid,

[*Aside.*

As spightfull Nature has form'd mine.  
I'm of your mind, my Lord, observe how  
Exactly my Brothers locks are curPd.

[*To Warwick.*

*Clar.* I'm glad to find you thus dispos'd, my Lords,  
And the Foe within our view.

*Edw.* I thought you knew not of their near approach,  
Else what made you absent at our last grand Council?  
You have yet been learning, why the shining Court  
Of *Catharine*, thus hovers near our Camp,  
Forsaking her more peacefull Palaces?  
She now is garrison'd in *Ludlow* Castle.

*Clar.* Of the motions, that Beauty makes, my Lord,  
As I expected you are always first inform'd.

*Warw.* This discourse will be too hot. Come,  
You lovely branch of the *Plantagenets*,  
Let's view the Troops: tho' a Courtier now;  
Yet in the fight you'll prove an *English* Hero.

[*Exeunt War. Clar.*

*Edw.* Brother, come near. My Lords, pray retire.  
Brother and Friend, I long have sought these moments,  
In which I might pour the secrets of my Soul  
Into your faithful Bosom: Much I expect  
From thee, tho' Nature seems thy body  
To have rufled up in haste; the rich gifts  
Within have amply made amends; for there  
Thou excellest all her humane Sons, as far  
As they do thee in Empty, Worthless, tho'  
Beauteous forms.

*Ex. Lords.*

*Glon.* For all my Step-dames gifts, I only thank her;  
In that she has firmly fixt my Faith and Love  
To you, my Royal Brother and my Lord.

*Edw.* Didst thou observe how *Clarence* frown'd and sigh'd  
When *Warwick* askt him to view our Troops:  
The Court of *Catharine's* the cursed Cause;  
There, Oh! there, the ignoble youth is ruin'd.

*Glon.* This I knew before: But now I expected  
Something to hear related of the first,  
The noblest and most perfect of our Race.  
Speak Heavens appointed King, why at the name  
Of *Catharine's* Court do I still observe  
A sigh; a pause, some sudden start of Nature,

Other-



Otherways unusual in your even temper?  
 It can't be Love, for justly you are call'd  
 The Royal Rover; you wander o'er the Field  
 Of tempting Beauty, with wanton revelling Joy;  
 And if you crop a Flower, the richest sweet  
 Is thrown neglected by; to whither in some  
 Forgotten shade; nor ever did you make  
 A business of what Nature meant a trifle,  
 By giving us desires so prone, so apt,  
 So pleas'd with Change.

*Edw.* Since the decisive day approaches near,  
 In which the work of many years is fated,  
 Glory and Conquest wait that pointed time,  
 Or in the Field an Honourable death:  
 Give orders that we are not Interrupted,  
 And thou shalt hear the weakness of thy Brother.

[Exit Gloucester, and returns.

*Glow.* Silence, and Secrecy wait upon your words!

*Edw.* I need not tell you Friend, that I stood  
 The first and dearest in our Father's Love.  
 Too well his partial kindness was express'd,  
 In my most Noble, Liberal Education.  
 When first he brought me to that Mart the Court,  
*Catharine* was Regent; introduc'd I view'd  
 That Queen with extasie and strange amazement,  
 Methought she look'd and mov'd beyond her Sex;  
 And-something whisper'd to my ravish'd Soul,  
 She is a Goddess!

*Glow.* In those blooming years she was approv'd  
 By all a wonder, nor yet has fate or time  
 Exhausted the vast stock, she still appears  
 As one that's born to die a beauty: Pray, Sir, proceed.

*Edw.* I kneel'd to kiss her hand; but then forgot  
 The Ceremony was over, and rooted there  
 Gaz'd on the pointed rays shot from those Globes  
 Of Beauty, her resistless Eyes, till they  
 Reach'd and pierc'd my heart.  
 Now, the Martial Horse can please no more;  
 The Bow unstrung neglected lay; and all  
 The Glorious exercises of my forward youth,  
 Wherewith I had with Emulation strove  
 To out-do each Rival. To Grots and Solitudes  
 Retir'd, I hid me from the busie World:  
 Gave up my self to thought,  
 To thoughts of Love and Rapture, which perhaps  
 Was not in her to give, at least not ordain'd  
 For me.

*Glow.* How cou'd you fear, my Lord, your Birth, your Form  
And your abundant Wealth might give you hopes  
To gain your Mistress, tho' she were a Queen.

*Edw.* Canst thou forgive the poorness of my Spirit?  
When I confess, I serv'd that haughty Queen,  
With all the lowest marks of servile Courtship:  
Fled at her command, trembl'd at her frown,  
And at her anger dy'd, at length resolv'd  
To know my fate; beneath her feet I fell;  
In dying Accents I confess'd my Love:  
She with an unrelenting look reply'd,  
It is impossible! you never can be mine.  
With groans and sighs I begg'd her change that Never;  
That terror to the damnd, and death to me;  
And all my hopes to any other word, but she,  
Deaf to my Prayers, my Vows, repeated often,  
Remember Earl of *March*! never, never.

*Glow.* Foolish Woman! to resist at once her glory  
And her safety: some other Love, I guess,  
Gave this strong passion ease.

*Edw.* Yes, on her side, not mine? no *Gloucester*, *Gloucester*?  
I was the constantst Fool, that e'er that Sex  
With more than Necromantique Charms enchain'd;  
Till at last convinc'd that *Owen Tudor*  
Held the heart and person of the Queen;  
Revenge despite of such a Rival cast  
Forth from my breast the darling God of Love.

*Glow.* How cou'd *Tudor* then escape your Vengeance?  
Or did you not believe his boasted descent  
From Great *Cadwaladar* the British King,  
So thought him a *Plebeian* beneath your Sword?

*Edw.* Let everlasting silence shroud that truth,  
And to after Ages in Oblivion's Grave,  
May what I tell my Brother be forgotten;  
I did pursue him with my eager wrongs;  
But oh? He foil'd my unexperienc'd youth,  
And in the Combat overcame the Cause:  
Since that curs'd moment, I and my engines have  
Rais'd him plagues, which he cou'd ne'er surmount;  
And made Imperious *Margaret* his foe,  
That furious Queen, whose anger knows no end:  
Now he's confin'd to his own barren soil,  
Hunted from *Katharine's* eyes, those kindly rays,  
That warm'd his passions even to extasie.

*Glow.* But now proud *Margaret* descends and courts  
That *Tudor*, whom she has despis'd,

To assist her cause in this extremity.  
In vain their weakned Forces can oppose  
My Godlike Brother, whom Fate has doom'd  
Her Conqueror.

*Edw.* No doubt he obeys the summons, and comes on  
To meet us there ; in the heat of all the battle  
Thro' the rang'd troops my Sword shall point him out ;  
Yes ; by my wrongs I swear, by all the Racks  
Of disappointed Love, my abler Arm  
Shall for the weakness of my Youth atone.  
I'll hack his beauteous body, since even rage  
And envy must allow his Person lovely.  
Till doting *Katharine* shall not distinguish  
His mangl'd Carcass from the meanest Slave's.

*Glou.* You speak with so much passion, that if daily  
You did not quench your flames in dear variety,  
I still shou'd think you lov'd the Queen.

*Edw.* The sweets of Love are gone, my Friend, but still  
The sting remains, the sting of her denial.  
Oh ! what a torment 'tis to know another  
Enjoys that Bliss, for which I sigh'd in vain,  
But Revenge is more lasting, fiercer far,  
If not so pleasing as fond Boyish Love.

*Glou.* His approach brings the fair Queen  
To this Castle, that lies between our Camps,  
Suppose I glut the angry God within your  
Breast, and find a way to kill this hated *Tudor*  
In her arms.

*Edw.* 'Twould charm me more than to revel in them now.

*Glou.* Mind you the pleasures that your heart is fond of,  
And leave this business to your faithful Brother.  
Lord *Dacres* and Sir *James Tyrell* rule the Queen,  
*Dacres* is honest, trusty, not to be mov'd  
By bribes or prayers ; *Tyrell* is mine, and so is  
*Malavill*, *Clarence's* Favourite, nor shall the amorous Boy  
Wed the beauteous Ward of *Katharine*, *Isabella*,  
Half English, half French, I like not  
The mixt breed.

*Edw.* That be thy labour'd care, for if he matches  
In that abandon'd Family ; we lose a Brother.  
Come to my arms, and let me swear, my *Gloucester*,  
Thou shalt the Heart and Crown of thy lov'd *Edward*.

*Glou.* I hope, great Sir, you'll ne'er repent the trust  
You have impos'd upon your ready Servant.

*Edw.* I thank thee, *Gloucester*, and I believe thee too,  
Who waits on Fate, will find her Laws are just,

And



And patience will at length our wishes Crown  
 I could ask no more, than *this*  
*To mount the Throne of my ungrateful Fair*  
*And dash her back that bitter Cup, despair.*

[Exit.]

Enter Malavill to Gloucester.

Mala. My Lord, are you alone.

Glou. I am, and you are safe. Haste, dear Malavill.  
 Quick, inform me what  
 More of Importance since our last Conference  
 Has reach'd thy knowledge.

Mala. I am afraid, if discover'd, I can  
 No longer serve your Grace.

Glou. Therefore be quick in your Narration!

Mala. Fair *Isabella* from the Castle meets  
 My Lord of *Charence* in the adjoining Grove.  
 And there I've learnt, he means to try  
 The utmost eloquence of Conquering Love,  
 To perswade his Mistress to fly the Kingdom.

Glou. Dear Malavill, observe my orders, you shan't want Gold  
 But at the meeting, let not a falling syllable  
 Escape thee, How stands, Sir *James Thyrold*?

Mala. Fixt to our Cause, as fate, fonder far  
 Of *Isabella*, than he is of Life; to Hell  
 He'd plunge to sink his Reval.

Glou. My Lord *Dacres*, will he leave the Queen;  
 Is *Tudor*'s coming on confirm'd?

Mala. All as you cou'd wish: heark, a noise!  
 I dare not stay to tell you more. (Exit.)

Glou. Work on my brain, help every faculty;  
 And thou invention stretch, till thou hast wound me  
 Into the bottom of my Brothers Councils:  
 Then give destruction power, a Crown alone  
 Can safely shroud those foul deformities.  
 Those glorious rays wou'd dazle mocking Gazers;  
 Then amongst the crowd no sawcy Slave,  
 Wou'd dare in whispers to pronounce me monstrous.  
 The Ladie's too, caught with unbounded sway:  
 The Royal Purple to this uncouth trunk  
 Gives form, and vigour to this sapless Limb.  
 By Heaven, nature sent me  
 Here in spite to plague her upright Race.

Twas



'Twas her design ! nor shall she lose her end,  
 A Real Foe, and deep dissembling Friend :  
 Near the Crown, but not near enough ally'd,  
 Tho Seas of Blood my Title do divide,  
 Cruel and bold I'll wade the Kindred tide.

Exit

## ACT the Second. SCENE Ludlow Castle.

SCENE draws, discovers Queen Catharine seated: attended by the Lord Dacres, Sir James Tyrell, &c. Ladies. She rises.

Cat. **T**HO' Margaret, Daughter only of a titled King ;  
 Who for her Portion brought my wanting Henry,  
 What he wanted least, expensive Pride :  
 Tho, she I say, ranks me with her Foes,  
 Has taken pains to estrange me from the breast,  
 And fatal Counsels of her ruin'd Husband !  
 Yet so dear I hold my Son, that to his aid,  
 I wou'd not spare my Officers of State alone ;  
 Alas ! now they are few, succouring him,  
 My self I'll strip of each menial Servant ;  
 But oh, my Lord, when I Reflect on your departure,  
 My nature by continual injuries made bold,  
 Shrinks back, and all my Courage fails me.

Dacres. The only merit I can plead, is my obedience,  
 The Creature of your Commands.

Cat. Wisely and well did thy Great Master choose,  
 Who dying left me to thy Guardian care ;  
 So perfect has my Loyal Dacres prov'd,  
 That I dare read thy very thoughts, and pronounce  
 They never swerv'd one title from my Interest.  
 Ev'n preferment, that Common bait, and Ruine of a Courtiers,  
 Honesty, cou'd never tempt thee from me, but now !  
 The sad hour's arriv'd, that calls thee forth :  
 Thy prudence and thy courage must out  
 To save a sinking King.

Dac. O, sacred relick of the first of Heroes !  
 For what was *Alexander*, but a Name  
 Compar'd with our Immortal *Henry* ?  
 It's true, the first ravag'd o'er effeminate *Persia*

And

And a barbarous World ; but my unequal'd King  
 Conquer'd his numerous neighbours, Older much  
 Than He, and therefore thought more skill'd in Arms;  
 Fenc'd Towns, nor Armed men cou'd barr his fury,  
 Which like Groves, darkn'd th' expanded plain ;  
 Thro' treble numbers he forc'd his way to victory ;  
 Doubly blest, subducing *France*, and being by you  
 Subdu'd : Yet in this full tide of Fortune mark,  
 The weakness of the best of humane frames,  
 Either the excess of sorrow, or of Joy,  
 Cracks the strings of life, and we moulder  
 Into our first nothing ; when thousand pious hands  
 Were lifting up to Heav'n for his safety,  
 Ev'n then our mighty King expir'd.

*Cat.* Well hast thou choos'd this melancholy theme,  
 It suits our parting, Noble *Ducris*, well.

*Dac.* By Heav'n I cannot mention that Great Man,  
 But the vast story dwells upon my tongue ;  
 But now I thought to look a little backwards,  
 And tell my beauteous Queen the many woes,  
 That link me her faithful Slave : when loe !  
 At the name of Glorious *Henry* ; my words  
 Flow'd to Encomiums, and left my worthless self forgot.

*Cat.* It needs not, Sir, O, could I but reward,  
 As I remember all thy Services,  
 How woud'st thou shine, bedeck'd with Royal Favours.  
 Now thy advice, and then farewell : do you think  
 The Garrison drawn off, and then my Guard remov'd,  
 I'm safe, not that I'm mention'd in the War ;  
 But I wou'd not be expos'd to that power, that has  
 No Justice for its rule.

*Dac.* Madam, this Castle was built by *Fortigern*,  
 See but the Keys of the Avenues in  
 Trusty hands ; *Edward* may waite his Army here,  
 E're give you any cause for a disturbance.  
*Sir James Thyrrold*, to your charge I leave  
 My Queen ; if thou shou'dst prove a Traytor, ah !  
 How came these words upon my tongue, without  
 A moments thought.

*Tyr.* Without a cause, you shou'd have said, what have  
 I done to be mistrusted ?

*Cat.* *Thyrrold* hold ! it was his care for me ;  
 If yours is equal, then you must excuse it.  
 Adieu, Commend me to *Henry* and the Queen,  
 Tell them my endeavours and my Prayers shall still  
 Attend them.

*Dac.* O

*Dac.* O thou forgiving Virtue! Everlasting Charmer!  
Whose sight alone gave thy dying Lord  
Transports too great for mortal life to bear,  
Here let me fix my parting duty, and  
Eternal Blessings Crown thee.

*Cat.* Victory, great as thy faith and worth, be thine.  
Go, and in my Closet lay the Books I read in last.

[*Exit Dacres.*]  
Where's now the crowded Court of *Paris*,  
*Rheims*, or *Windsor*, when scarce a passage  
Could be made for gazing Princes, and for  
Kneeling Subjects; when illustrious *Henry*  
Crown'd the assembly, and supported me.  
Yet I agen was happy, my Virgin Love,  
The very pride and boast of Nature, *Tudor*,  
My *Henry's* Soul cast in purer mold;  
He was mine, whom have they robb'd me of;  
And I have nothing left at my command,  
But these sad Eyes, which of themselves will flow.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isa.* [kneeling.] Angels protect the Queen, may I once prove  
The happy Messenger, and stamp that Clouded  
Heaven with smiles. From *Tudor* this? [*Gives a Letter.*]

*Cat.* See, *Isabella*, see; forgetting his repeated wrongs,  
He flies, to the assistance of the ungrateful *Margaret*;  
Am I to blame, now in the wrack of Fate,  
When rowling Tempests bear my Glory's down?  
Is it a fault, I say, to feel Loves alarm,  
Bustle at my heart, and dawning Joy  
Break on me at his approach?

*Isa.* Is it a fault to love the Master-piece of Heaven,  
And wonder of the Earth? such *Tudor* is:  
Then, Madam, to you, not the first of humane Race  
Was ever half so faithfull or so fond; were all  
Mankind like him, believing, Virgins never  
Could be ruin'd.

*Cat.* He is indeed a Husband, whose unabated passion,  
The fiercest new made Lover ne'er can equal;  
Here he begs, that thro' that Secret Vault,  
Which to the Castle Leads, known but to a trusted few,  
He may in private see me. You, dear *Isabella*,  
Have the Important Keys, take the Letter,  
Observe the hour, and be carefull.

*I/a.* Madam, I will.

*Cat.* Why dost thou sigh, my Girl; you dare not make  
Your Queen your Confident, yet I have found  
The secret of your Soul.

Young *Plantagenet*, whom they call *Clarence* now,  
In our prosperous days, with my allowance, paid his vows to thee :  
Love's soft, first Impression hangs about thy heart.  
I read it in thy watry eyes ? But, oh ! I warn thee  
Of that rebelling and most treacherous Race :

If thou regardest the safety of thy Queen,  
Or thy own future Peace,  
Throw from thy thoughts the faithless Fugitive.  
I warn thee of him ; and when thou'rt warn'd, beware. *[Exit. Cat.]*

*I/a.* And when thou'rt warn'd, beware.  
It strikes upon my Soul, and echoes back,  
Like the sad voice of Fate. I'll follow freight  
The Queen, give her up the Keys, confess  
The frailty of my Conquer'd heart ;  
And see the Lovely, Charming youth no more.  
See him no more ! what has my *Clarence* done  
So to be punish'd ? does he not droop  
In midst of Lawrels, Crowns, and Victories ?  
Or aims he at a Bliss without his *Isabella* ?  
Are not his Vows Registred in Heaven ?  
And every awfull power call'd to witness ?  
Shall I then forsake him ? No :  
Be it my ruin, it has a face so pleasing,  
I'll fly to plunge into it. *[Is going.]*

*Enter Sir James Thyrrold.*

*Sir J. [kneeling.]* Turn, ah ! too Lovely, Heavenly maid ! let not  
Those eyes, that light the rest of the World  
To Joy, dart only on me Confusion ; behold  
The humble *Thyrrold* at your feet ; hear  
The sad tale my Love inspires ;  
Oh can that sweet form, that looks all softness,  
Contain a Savage heart.

*I/a.* Presuming Arrogance. Can no Commands  
Impose on you eternal silence ? yet I'm calm ;  
But if again you affront me with your sawcy passion,  
The Queen shall know it, who, no doubt, will  
Protect a Maid committed to her Royal care,  
From Insolence like thine. *[Exit.]*

*Sir J.* Eternal ruin seize the Queen and thee,

And



And all the Confounded *Siren* Sex; how many Helles  
 Within this Bosom reign? Righted Love,  
 Revenge, Rage, Spite, Envy and Ambition;  
 Sure the damn'd medley must at least produce  
 A perfect madness. Oh! that as my will  
 To mischief rises, so my power might;  
 That I could let the Furies loose, and ravage  
 All the World.

'Tis *Clarence* holds her heart, but *Gloucester* will  
 Assist, and 'spite of all their fondness blast their  
 Loves, rather than they should meet.

Let ruin thro' the face of Nature range,  
 And all things suffer a Destructive Change;  
 When in that Chaos all mankind shall lie,  
 There'll not be found a wretch so curst as I.

[Exit.]

## SCENE, A Grove.

Enter *Clarence*, and *Malavill*.

*Clar.* With much a-do, I've broke from faithful *Warwick*,  
 Who prest me hard to know my fatal sorrows.  
 This the hour, and this the place,  
 In which I met my Heavenly *Isabella*;  
 Let my ambitious Brothers waste their time,  
 In climbing up the Royal precipice;  
 Let Casuists argue the injustice of the War,  
 Whilst I retiring from the bustling Crowd,  
 Find my sure bliss in *Isabella's* eyes;  
 See! where the brightness darts thro' yonder shades;  
 So *Cynthia* lookt, when in *Lachno's* Cave  
 She nightly met *Endymion*. Oh no! My  
*Isabella's* Beauty will surmount all poets Rapture.

Enter *Isabella* and her Woman.

O thou balm of Comfort! Soul of sweetness!  
 Look on me, shoot thy Beams into my bosom,  
 Talk to me, Charm me into Ecstasie, for  
 Heaven is my Witness, I never think of Joys  
 But in thy Presence?

*Isa.* O *Clarence*! the gloomy Stars that rule our fates  
 Were never sure for Conjunction made;  
 Distant, alas! and wide they dart their angry Rays;

And seem to threaten everlasting separation.

*Clar.* At such a thought I'd curse them from their Spheres.

They now are kind, Oh ! may my fair one prove so too.

Then this very night they light me on

To endless Worlds of bliss.

*Isa.* What means my Lord ?

*Clar.* Have I been only flatter'd with what alone

My youth has gloried in ; or may I trust

The trembling tender accents, that have whisper'd

Thy heart, thy precious heart was mine ?

*Isa.* When first the Queen bid me look on you

As my destin'd Lord, I thought 'twas duty

Made me regard you, more than all mankind,

But ah ! too soon I found that Godlike form,

And the respect you paid ; which love alone produces,

Had gain'd the ascendant o'er my Virgin wishes.

If since my eyes have stray'd, or any object

Brought to my thoughts, that offer'd to rebel

Against the awful power already there

May Heaven, which knows the secrets of my Soul,

Punish me with loss of you and Fame.

*Clar.* Bend, ye Celestial Quire ; bend down with me,

And bless the Angel you have lent for breathing

Words like these, that tune and charm my Soul

By my hopes, were all the merits of our Race,

Cramn'd into one, he durst not plead desert,

A Beam of mercy, the least regard of pity,

Pays an Age of Services. Oh ! how wretched am I ?

*Isa.* Why, my dear Clarence ! why does thy bosom heave

With sighs, as the great heart within were rending ?

If I have any Charms, if I can please,

Is not all the kindness of my eyes addrest to thee ?

*Clar.* Therefore, and only therefore do I curse

My Fate, that being blest beyond what

The most Ambitious cou'd have hop'd for,

I yet have more, much more to ask

E'er my Request is told ! Oh *Isabell* !

Guess what's the Consequence ; how it imports

My Life, these Agonies will late express

I who have stood pitch'd Battles without one

Shock of Nature, now feel Convulsive tremblings

Seize on every Nerve ; nay, thus unmann'd,

Behold me weeping at your feet.

*Isa.* What can you who have so much Honour

Fear to ask ; or I, who have so much Love

Refuse to grant ? My Lord, as your partial kindness

Has set me nearer to your heart, than all the fairest  
Of your Sex, so wou'd I approve my faith  
Above the common rate,  
To justify your choice ; I speak thou Conqueror,  
Propose the way, be it to strip me of these shining  
Ornaments, the Pride of Courts, and fly with thee  
To Caves, to Huts, and unfrequented shades,  
Most readily I will obey.

*Clar.* Ha ! didst thou say fly with me ? By Heaven  
'Tis on that the weight of my Petition hangs  
Can you, dare you, will you be so good,  
To trust this tender work of Heaven, this  
Matchless softness, never expos'd to bight less gentle,  
Than the breeze from flowers ? Dare you with me,  
Venture tempestuous blasts, regardless Seas,  
And all the hazards of Incommodious flight ?

*Isa.* Yes ! my dear *Clarence* ; Love wou'd make me bold,  
Fill all my thoughts with thee, and dangers quite forgot,  
When thou art ne'er me ; But oh ! I have another tie,  
Duty, Friendship, Gratitude plants me here,  
The mourning Queen, whose adversity has shook off  
Fawning crowds, must not be left by *Isabella*.

*Clar.* I'll not complain ; or urge an Argument  
Against that good and all-deserving Queen.  
'Tis true, big with my hopes, for what won't Love  
Prompt blooming youth to hope, I had prepar'd  
A Vessel for our Transportation into France ;  
You, as a Branch of *Burgundy*, must needs  
Have found a noble welcome in that Court ;  
And I, as Brother to great *England's* King,  
Cou'd have made my own Conditions.

*Isa.* *England's* King, my Lord, is not your Brother.

*Clar.* Yes, faithfull charming Maid, he is,  
The People's hearts are his, the sickly Forces  
Of falling *Henry*, to morrows setting Sun  
Intombs : yet I wou'd fly from these flowing honours,  
Which must adorn our Family, and gazing  
Upon thee forget Ambition.

*Isa.* What do you ask ? to what do I incline ?  
These may not be faithfull, the way, the method,  
All like Palaces in Fairy Land,  
Impracticable, and only built on fancy.

*Clar.* If Love's your guide, the way is very easie,  
The secret door, you now have pass'd, you may  
As well command at twelve ; there I will wait,  
Like the far travell'd Pilgrim, who knows no Peace



Of mind, till the opening Temple shows the Saint  
To whom his vows and oraisons are paid.

*Isa.* Alas ! I dare not tread those lonely paths,  
Thro' hollow Vaults and most horrid Windings,  
And at that dreadfull hour of Midnight ;

*Clar.* Give *Malavill* the outer Key, and we  
Will meet you in the upper Court, nay, fear  
Not, dearest, I know him well, born and bred  
Amongst us, try'd and faithful as a Brother.

*Isa.* Yet Brothers may be false ! O my divided Soul,  
Can I leave the dear indulgent Queen ;  
O draw me, Heaven, thro' this Labyrinth !  
For Love and Friendship pull me several ways,  
Like Cords upon the Rack ; which ever way I yield,  
No ease is granted to my troubled mind.

*Clar.* Return ! my soft beloved, Oh return !  
Hush thy anxious thoughts a sleep, and think  
Of me no more ? *Edward* is indeed inveterate ;  
And which way ever Victory inclines, we meet no more.  
Lead me, O *Malavill* ! Lead me to the Battle.  
Fix me in the front, against the ablest Archers fix me ;  
And let a thousand, thousand darts at once  
Pierce this fond heart, which pants in vain for *Isabella*.

[Sinks on *Malavill*.

*Isa.* Oh ! my dear Lord ! I'm not worthy half this passion,  
My Fear is vanish'd, and my Love is strong.  
Command me any thing, I will not raise  
Another doubt.

*Clar.* Oh ! thou all goodness ! dearest, Sweetest Creature !  
Once does wretched *Clarence* hold thee fast.

*Isa.* Say, direct me how I shall proceed, for I will come.

*Clar.* Wou'd thou indeed ?

O ! Charming Excellence ; oh ! all perfection,  
The blood that guards my heart leaps to my cheeks,  
Fires my eyes, which almost start with passion ;  
And each crowding word to express my Joys,  
Grows thick upon my Tongue.

*Isa.* Talk not so wildly, but instruct me in my flight ?

*Clar.* My life ; give to *Malavill* the Key of that door, thro' which you pass.

*Isa.* I cannot yet, for that way *Tudor* enters to the Queen,  
Let him two hours hence beneath yon Eastern Tower  
Wait, and I will give it him : what ails me  
*Clarence* ? Why do I tremble so ?

*Clar.* Oh ! 'tis thy tender gentle nature, which frights  
Thy little frame, and makes thee shrink at what  
Thy love has promis'd ; yet *Isabella* !  
By all my hopes, by the blest Saints,



If *Clarence* lives, you shan't repent your kindness.  
 Blast me with Lightning from yon Azure roof,  
 Rivet me with sure fulfilling bolts, if time  
 In all its Course

Past or to Come, can ought more faithfull see.

*Isa.* Or any Maid, who loves, and dares, like me. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE the Camp. Enter King Edward, meeting Gloucester.

*Ed.* What news, my careful Gloucester?

*Glou.* Victory still attends the King; the very Scouts and Forragers  
 Return, being flush'd and redned with Success.

*Edw.* These are all steps to fix us on the Throne;  
 But still the Root of Lancaster, and Branches too,  
 Must be remov'd, least building o'er them  
 We totter, and *Clarence* be ours or lost.

*Glou.* Lost in death e're ruine us. Daring like yours

In not proceeding does backward go;

Fair *Isabella* consents to *Clarence's* Follies,  
 And e're morning hopes to escape.

*Edw.* That must be prevented.

*Glou.* It shall, the Hammer's lifted here, and when  
 It strikes, the work is finished. The night  
 Under her Sable Wings shall hatch such deeds;  
 Will fright the blushing dawn: Suppose *Ludlow* Castle yours,  
 The Queen, on a pretext, that shall seem just,  
 Remov'd, *Tudor* slain, either on his March, or else  
 Within the Walls.

*Edw.* Attempt both; they who wou'd succeed, must leave  
 The least to Chance, and catch at every opportunity.

*Glou.* This way *Clarence* moves, as *Malavill* informs me,  
 Here I will stay and meet the fiery youth,  
 Dash all his quiet with the Fiend Jealousie,  
 Which Weed, Planted by a cunning hand,  
 Will quickly grow in the warm soil of his  
 Fierce passion, and even overshoot the love,  
 Which he so long has cherish'd.

*Edw.* Use him, dear Gloucester as his Folly has  
 Deserv'd.

*Glou.* What Paper's that?

*Edw.* A Letter from the forsaken *Eleonora*.

*Glou.* Leave it with me: I have a sudden  
 Thought it may be usefull.

*Edw.* Take it: thou art a perfect Chymist  
 In extracting ruin. I dare trust all  
 To thy management.

(Exit)

*Glou.*

*Glow.* Here comes Nature's other Favourite;

*Enter Clarence.*

'Twas base, 'twas barbarous / the choicest  
Beauty of the Nation-rifed, and then despis'd.

*(Looking upon the Letter.)*

*Clar.* What means my Brother?

*Glow.* Your Pardon, Duke of *Clarence*, I saw you not,  
Here's a melancholy complaint  
From the wretched *Elenora*.

*Clar.* Her fate is hard, and much my temper  
Differs from the King's.

*Glow.* That Sacred name raises him above  
Our Reprehension, tho' not to him, of him  
Who can forbear to speak, that has a Soul  
In which true honour has a Residence  
Has he not, like the wanton Summer fly,  
Blown upon and tainted all our Beauties?  
Is there a Maid of Quality or Fortune,  
Whom he has not attempted, or at least  
Married to some Favourite fawning Minion;  
While we the branches too of mighty *Tork*,  
Only are neglected?

*Clar.* The Ladys Case transports you; were I dispos'd  
To marry, the King shou'd not chuse for me.

*Glow.* My Lord, no choice is left, is there in all the Court,  
One of an-unfullied fame, whose Beauty, or  
Whose Quality is fit for P'inces Arms?

*Clar.* I'll not dispute the matter, but I think there are.

*Glow.* There are! you speak as if they abounded,  
Name me but one, and I'll recant in Veneration  
To such a rarity; forgive the rest, and touch  
Their fames no more.

*Clar.* What think you then of beauteous *Isabella*?  
The studied Workmanship and hand of Heaven,  
Nothing can transcend her Divine person,  
But the unspotted Soul, that dwells within.

*Glow.* What *Isabella*, Queen *Catharine's* Ward,  
*Thyrrold's Isabella*, is't she you thus extravagantly  
Describe.

*Clar.* How *Gloucester*! now I have found thee subtle  
In malice, all the workings of thy brain  
Are like the dismal Policies of Hell;  
Which still produce a mischief.

But

But do not mention her again!  
 I charge thee do not: For by the sacred blood  
 That fills her veins, the blood of *Bedford* and of *Burgundy*  
 Both Royal Stems, you shall not dare?

*Glou.* Not dare, Prince?

*Clar.* No, not dare. Lay all your plots on me;  
 Cover me all over with detraction, as with a Leprosie,  
 But touch not *Isabella*; I will bear it.

*Glou.* Go on, my Brother, and when your passion's o'er;  
 Too late consider, if I've deserv'd this usage.

*Clar.* What have I done, how came her name in Question?  
 Oh! *Gloucester*, *Gloucester*! thou art deep and running,  
 I but a shallow stream, and as I stand between,  
 Shall be surely forded o'er;  
*Edward* and *Gloucester* both may take my life,  
 But of my Love, there's neither shall deprive me.

*Glou.* I knew not *Isabella* grew so near you.  
 'Twas common Fame occasion'd what I said,  
 That as the Queen, descended to *Love Tudor*,  
 So *Isabella* had made *Thyrrold* hers.  
 Rumor's the Child of Error, if I've caught  
 A Falshood, why shou'd that create a Quarrel.

*Clar.* A Quarrel, there is none. The King and you  
 Possess the glories you atchieve in War,  
 My happiness lies in another Sphere. Farewell. [Exit.]

*Glou.* Happiness is a Rose path you ne'er shall tread;  
 The Hornet, I have thrown into your bosom,  
 It buzzes now: But it shall sting anon.  
 Diffimulation, thou art mine;  
 My rage, was high as his, and spite much more: but dear diffimulation  
 Cover'd all the fury of my Soul, and it shall be vented the safest way.

Enter Malavill.

*Mal.* I met the Duke, my master; methought his  
 Looks were full of discontent.

[Drum beats.]

*Glou.* I gave it him; hark, a distant Drum is the signal  
 I order'd at the approach of *Tudor*: what, ho! Captain,

Enter Captain.

Is the detachment ready?

*Capt.* My Lord, it is.

*Glou.* Lead them towards the Castle, thereas I told you you'll  
 Meet with *Tudor*, when you encounter him, if his force,  
 Is stronger than you expected, urge not too far, at night

I shall use you, and those that you command.

*Capt.* With utmost care your orders shall be obey'd.

[Exit.]

*Glon.* Will Sir James Thyrrold come to the Appointed place?

*Mala.* He will, and is impatient till he Knows your Grace's pleasure.

*Glon.* Clarence is even to rashness brave, that Will make forget the nice forms of Different Quality; after our Conference, See me again, if your Lord calls and seems uneasy, Cast forth doubtfull Words; if jealousy Appears, feed it with oyl. I've

Told the King thy merits of thy Intelligence And Honour waits to Crown thy Service.

*Mala.* Thanks, noble Sir, your long tasted Bounty Secures me still your Slave, I'll to my Lord And watch his every motion. [Exit Mala.]

*Glon.* Go thy ways, Traytor, that's thy proper name, Oh! there's a vile Ingredient in our frames; This Man my Brother Clarence ne'er did injure, But signalized him with marks of Friendship Above the rest, who did attend him. Yet, For a little Gold with eagerness he Seeks his ruin, an itching Palm destroys his Faith, Ambition conquers mine! Interest tempts all, and where she tempts, succeeds.

*My great designs, why shou'd I blush to own,*

*There's no Temptation greater than a Crown.*

*The End of the second Act.*

## ACT III. SCENE Ludlow Castle.

*Enter Tudor and a Colonel.*

*Tud.* Cousin, how are ye?

*Col.* Right well, my noble Friend.

*Tud.* I did not here expect an Engagement.

*Col.* You fought as if you did, your Courage And your Conduct both were shewn; they

That



That gave the Onset first, most shamefully  
Retreated.

*Tud.* Colonel, lead your Forces to the Camp of *Henry*  
Or *Margaret*, I know not which to call it  
Before the mornings dawn I will be there.

*Col.* Oh *Tudor*, thou noblest of mankind,  
Remember e'er I speak that your Commands  
I never disobey'd.

*Tud.* Nor ever will, I hope, my Soldier and my Friend.

*Col.* No, tho' by this Ambush laid and your rash  
Resolve of seeing the Queen alone, I read,  
Oh dismal thought! your death.

*Tud.* Be it so, draw off your Forces, I had rather  
See the Queen tho' my life's the forfeit, than  
Be *Edward* or *Henry* or any happier King  
That you can think of. If you out-live me,  
Report me as a Man that *Catharine* smil'd on;  
Let some kind Pen transmit the glory to  
Posterity, and I shall hold my death a prize too small for such a stock  
Of fame if you Love me, answer not, nor offer to dissuade  
Me, but observe my orders, [Exit. *Col.* bowing.  
This is the path; Oh Angel Guardian be thou  
Near, and lead me to my heaven. (Exit.

*Enter Queen Catharine.*

*Cat.* I hear the doors unbar; shall I not go to  
Meet him; he comes, oh trembling heart  
Think of thy Woes and let thy pantings now  
be still.

*Enter Tudor and Isabella.*

*Tud.* (kneels.) My Queen?

*Cat.* My Love, my Husband, rise my dearest Lord.

*Tud.* Do I behold thy face again. Oh taste of joys  
Unutterable? Oh Banquet beyond the power of sense to bear!  
Nor must I murmur now,  
If the hard conditions wherewith,  
Seemed to article with providence is now fulfill'd.  
For Heaven knows how often I have  
Wish'd to see thy face, and die.

*Cat.* Avert it Heaven; yet we meet indeed midst  
Wars and Tumults; Camps on either side;  
Frightful Scenes for Love.

*Tud.* All, all, is the milky way, when thou art near:  
Oh should I but repeat the miseries I have  
Endured, since banished from those fair  
Eyes, you sure wou'd pity me.

*Cat.* What hast thou suffer'd? thou dear  
Innocence? Pursued

*Tud.* Upon the Barren summit of a Prodigious  
Mountain whose height seem'd to brave a second  
Flood, I pass'd my tedious hours,  
Stretching my longing Eyes towards the abode  
Of my fair Queen, and Courting the fierce winds  
That way to bear my sighs, sometimes farther urged  
By my despair upon the extreamest verge of ragged  
Cliffs that over look the deep, I'd throw my  
Wretched weight like one distracted, tell the  
Ever-beating Waves my Grief, and fill the ambient  
Air with your dear name.

If thunder grumbl'd o'er my head  
Or Earthquakes shook the frame beneath;  
By me the Warring Element was observ'd;  
My Love, my Joy, my Peace of mind was lost.  
My Queen was absent, and therefore I forsook  
All Comfort.

*Cat.* Beds of Down and gilded roofs were a like,  
Uneasie, and without thee, food for desperation:  
And now 'tis but a kind of doubtfull day,  
Which only glimmers, and then will part  
Us with eternal night.

*Tud.* Be that night eternal, no morrow grant.  
At least this night is ours.

*Cat.* Flatter not thy self with hopes now, there is  
Nothing ours; yet you may remember; nay you must,  
It has been otherwise, *Henry* the First and Noblest  
Candidate for fame, once was yours and mine,  
My Lover, and your Royal Friend, yes you have  
Seen me Crown'd the Queen of Nations,  
Beheld my evening Pomp and morning Waiters,  
For you were still the earliest of the Crowd;  
At awfull distance watch'd the motions of my eyes,  
And trembled when you met a glance,  
*Henry* knew the Holy Fire, that warm'd your breast,  
Yet so well he knew both you and me,  
That he never frown'd on either:  
But encourag'd the Chast Friendship,  
Which when Heaven angry with this lower World  
Snatch'd hence its great protector grew to Love:

*Tud.*

*Tud.* Blest Hero! whom future Ages or their best  
Of future Kings can only hope to faintly Copy,  
Whom when I ever name without Just Veneration;  
May Cankers gnaw my ungratefull Tongue;  
Yet Friendship shall not rob my Love.

No mighty Queen the first minute these tho',  
Then hopeless eyes, view'd that unimitable frame,  
They drew in Love, witness their divided lids  
Still stretch'd with endless wakings witness the  
Unbated sorrows; the returning years still found  
Me wra't in witness ten thousand racks.  
But why look I backwards, when I can call  
The Heaven mine for which I served?  
Yes, 'tis permitted, that I may approach.  
My Arms have licence to Circle thee, and snatch  
Thee to my heart, and hold a place in thine,  
A glory which I d not exchange to be  
The greatest titl'd Slave the busie Globe contains.

*Car.* Oh *Tudor, Tudor*, sure thy Mothers blessings,  
And her beauty, and her softness, hangs about thee,  
The rest of humane Race all seem rugged,  
Thou only art the Child of Love, the pattern  
Made for Poets to form their Hero's by.

*Tud.* The kindness of these Words, nothing but  
Ecstasick blifs, nothing but Joys this night  
Will bring, can raise me higher,

*Car.* My fears distract me, you are a Foe  
Proclaimed, shou'd there be Information  
Given, Courts have many spies, the Castle  
Is unguarded, let not thy valiant Soul and  
Over eager Love, tempt thee to so imminent  
A danger; tho' yet thy Arm well us'd to Conquest,  
Prompts thee on, think, alas, my *Tudor*,  
Multitudes o'ercome the bravest Sword.

*Tud.* Shall apprehension, the Cowards check, fright  
Me, from my fair Level not a Man who has  
Aspired and possessed the greatest Queen on  
Earth, so low in your esteem, that imaginary  
Fears, shou'd tear me hence, the Niggard  
Heavens allow us but the present hours, the  
Future still are left to doubtfull Fate, Oh!  
Lovely *Catharine*, if I read in thy looks some  
Beamy signs of Joy, as sure I can, for I  
Understand 'em well, bless me with kindness,  
Talk no more of danger, let us dream at  
Least this Castle's safety ours; indulge the

Plea-



Pleasing ecstasie, nor wake, till we are  
Forced to wake.

*Car.* She that can love and can deny must not  
Have a heart like mine.

*Isa.* Oh !

*Tud.* Blest sound !

*Car.* My *Isabella* I heard the sad murmur of a  
Stifled sigh, my ear caught the broken  
Sadness. *Tudor*, behold your fair guide as the  
Dearest object of my Friendship ; nay she  
Almost Rivals you. The kindest maid, the  
Truest creature, Companion in all my solitudes,  
Forsaking the allurements the tempting  
Pleasures which her charming youth and  
Vast fortunes might have commanded, still  
Has she follow'd my retirement : and with  
Her Innocence and Goodness cheared me.

*Tud.* For such a faithfull care, may  
That power to whom we pray, reward her  
Equal to my wish, continue still that beauteous  
Loveliness, Crown her with happiness lasting  
As her self can wish.

*Isa.* My Noble Lord, cover me not  
With blushes ? Why, Royal Madam,  
Did ye speak those  
Balmy words, they wound my heart, your kindness  
Like descending Angels on the impure,  
Strikes me with death.

*Tud.* What means the Charmer ?

*Car.* My Lord, she's sick of our disease, in love,  
And now by my commands I hope is  
Struggling with her yielding heart, within  
I'll tell ye all the unhappy Circumstances.

*Tud.* Peace to her mind, and may she ever  
Vanguish all that wou'd disturb her, my  
Queen are the tender pledges of our love,  
The beauteous little ones for beauteous they  
Are, cause Images of thee, are they here.

*Car.* My Cherubs, my Comforts, cou'd they be from  
Me never, I'll lead you to 'em, dear  
*Isabella*, give *Thyrrold* strict charge to be  
Carefull in his watch, then attend me in the  
Bed-Chamber.

*Tud.* Give me thy hand.

*And as this touch does all my racks remove,  
So may thy fears, and think of nought but Love.*

(Exit Queen led by *Tud.*

*Isa.*



*Isa.* What must I think on? doubting, and the  
Dreadfull expectation of what's to come,  
Are terrors that create despair, and such a  
State is mine. Oh fairest, best of Queens!  
Can you not find in my disordered looks,  
The tumults of my Soul, and Chain me  
Near ye?

*Enter her Woman.*

*Wom.* Madam, *Malavill* waits without.

*Isa.* Let him wait a little longer, my *Esperanza*,  
What have we promised, dost thou not fear?

*Wom.* For you alone, I alas, am worthless!

*Isa.* Oh happy! happy thou. If you consented to  
Some honest mate and fled, no Court wou'd  
Be alarm'd, no Pursuers, no life be lost.  
Where shall I unbosom my full heart, what  
Kind adviser help my youth, I have no friend,  
I never had but one, the unequal'd Queen,  
And she I am flying from.

*Wom.* To meet a Faithfull Friend, a Noble Husband.

*Isa.* So I hope, but oh I dare not look with reason's  
Eye into this mad attempt; love hurries me  
Along, and love they say is a blind guide; if  
*Margaret*, if *Catharine*, or if *Edward* seize us,  
Away, I will not thing so deeply, fasten that  
Door, least from the Castle we are surprized,  
And call *Malavill* in. [Exit Wom.]

Now 'tis better in my tormented breast, the  
Scene is changed, and *Clarence* stands in my  
Minds view, all faithful, lovely, and beloved. Oh,  
Haste thee to my Royal Youth, and chase these  
Melancholy fears away.

*Re-enter her Woman with Malavill.*

*Mal.* My Lord watches the minutes with an impatient  
Lovers haste, numbers 'em with his sighs, till the  
Blest one arrives, till I return and more confirm  
His expected Joys.

*Isa.* *Malavill*, 'tis a dangerous path we tread, and much  
Precaution must be used, if amongst those few,  
Your master trusts but one, shou'd prove a Traytor  
Inevitable ruin seizes all.

*Mal.*

*Mala.* I dare affirm the care the Duke has took in what  
So nearly does concern him, equals his Love, which nothing  
Can exceed, the rest are managed well, I only know  
The bottom of the design, and shou'd I  
Be thought unfaithfull, I soon wou'd give a fatal  
Proof of my Fidelity, and die at hearing I was  
Once mistrusted.

*Isa.* No, be assured thou art not, if thou wert by  
*Isabella*, I'd stand the lash of Furies; have  
Uninvented torments practis'd on this tender  
Body, excelling all the old, e'er groan the secret  
Out this night. On *Dacres* absence I know the Queen  
Will walk her self the rounds, see every door and  
Brazen gate fast barr'd and lock'd, and every Key  
Brought to the Royal Chamber, this only passage  
Left to trusted me, and therefore unexamined shall  
I then dare? Oh horror, every limb and every  
Trembling vein forbids it.

*Mal.* What, not for the Duke of *Clarence*, not for him  
Who wou'd rush thro' thousand pointed Swords  
For you.

*Isa.* Take it, take the important Key. The Queens own words —  
But fly this moment, fly, be gone I say, least I  
Repent and yield no more.

*Mala!* With all my heart. (*Aside.*) At twelve?

*Isa.* I will.

[*Exit Ma.*]

Hear thou All-seeing eye of Providence, listen to  
A distressed Virgins Prayer, if ought that's ill insues (*kneeling.*)  
For much my heart forbodes; as mine the guilt, be  
mine the punishment.

If there must be wrath, heap it all on me,  
But let the guiltless Queen be safe and free.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E, the Camp.

*Enter Duke of Clarence, followed by the Earl of Warwick.*

*Warw.* Hold, Duke of *Clarence* stop, thus have I  
Followed thee beyond our utmost Guards,  
Thus beheld thee, observ'd thy folded arms,  
And down cast eyes, thy silent steps I've traced,  
Which seem'd to measure out thy graves  
Length, so sad they were come, dear youth,  
Lean upon my bosom and tell thy griefs, if thou  
Art wronged, *Warwick* stands forth to do thee

Justice

Justice, I serve the King thy Brother *Edward*,  
But dare Proclaim before his face I love thee  
More.

*Clar.* Burden me not with kindness. To noble natures  
'Tis the hardest task, favours receiving without

Hopes of a return. *Edward and Gloucester, the darlings*

Both of Fate; to them apply and court not him,  
Who shuns the World.

*War.* Dost thou push me from thee, young Prince;

Boy, I was a going to have said, you will repent

It; there's something labours in thy brain

Remember you were offered *Warwick's* aid, which

You despis'd, Farewell

(*Exit War.*)

*Clar.* He's gone, and I dare not call him back or tell

My weakness; he never will consent, his Soul's wound

Up to steady Glory, past the Convulsive fit of

Loves dear *Calenture*, what he terms sadness

Is the expected Joy which fills my Soul with transports.

My thoughts are full of thee, dear *Isabella*,

And my eyes disdain to view an object that may

Divert the pleasing Image, where art thou?

*Malavil*, lazy Ambassador for Love, hast to bring

Me the glad tidings all goes well.

*Enter a Page.*

*Pag.* Sir, Sir?

*Clar.* What's the matter, boy?

*Pag.* A grim looked fellow, gave me this, and charg'd

Me instantly to seek ye, nor wou'd he leave me

Till he saw I'd found your Grace: I knew my

Gallant Master wou'd have been angry, if I

Had trembled else indeed he frighted me.

*Clar.* Poor innocence! ha, lift up thy Torch sure the

Moon gives me a sickly light and make me,

Read a miss.

[*Reads.*]

*Duke of Clarence,*

**Y**our Family is given to invade another's right. You a younger branch,  
follow the Example: Witness, your designs on *Isabella*, my plighted  
Wife. (Ha, my blood runs cold, but I will yet proceed)  
Since you have chose the Murderers hour, as that perjur'd false one  
has confessed, be that the place and time, if you dare to meet the  
Injured *Thyrrold*.

E

IF

If I dare, where am I, can this be true, or is it all  
A plot too deep for me to fathom; *Isabella* false, Pll:  
Not believe it, sure 'tis all delusion.

*Enter Malavill.*

Oh, art thou come, let me rush upon thee, as I  
Would seize my Love, thou art arriv'd the very  
Minute when I was plunging down I know not where;  
You must awake me from a dreadfull dream,  
For sure it is no more?

*Mal.* My Lord!

*Clar.* Shrink not from my embrace, nor turn thy eyes  
Away, I cannot bear another apprehension if thou  
Bringst not comfort. Hell, all hell is here.

*Mal.* What thou'd I say?

*Clar.* Why, hast thou nothing then to say, did I not  
Send thee?

*Mal.* You did, my Lord.

*Clar.* Why are thy answers cold and looks distracted?  
Did I not send thee to *Isabella*, for the Confirmation  
Of her promise, and the Key?

*Mal.* You did, but oh!

*Clar.* What? speak I charge thee, speak.

*Mal.* After long waiting and repeated signs, the  
Necessary thing her Woman appear'd, and with  
A scornfull smile, said we were all defeated:  
Sir *James Thyrolde* had discover'd our design, and  
*Isabella* in a careless tone, she added, was concern'd,  
But advis'd your Grace to think of her no more.

*Clar.* By hell 'tis false, she is betrayed as well as I,  
Her Soul is written in her looks, and does not  
Know deceit.

*Mal.* Take my life, if you suspect me, go the  
Appointed place I'll wait upon you,  
Affronted and vexed like you.

*Clar.* Forgive me, dear *Malavill*, what, no Key?  
No word from her.

*Mal.* None, as I hope for everlasting happiness.

*Clar.* Then she is—hold my breath shall not proclaim  
Her, nor will I curse her, nor wish her half.  
The racks that she has given me; follow to  
My Tent, I have yet an Affligation left, which  
Shall be this night in Blood performed: Oh *Isabella*,  
Who would have thought, when Heaven had took

Such



Such pains, without Hell had been employed  
So deep within.

Fool! fool, too soon believing, I'm undone  
Nor has the Traytress by deceiving won.  
For whom soe'er, false Saint, bows to thee,  
There's not a Worshiper will dote like me. [Exit.]

*Enter Duke of Gloucester.*

*Glou.* Ha, ha, ha, this will do him good; whet his  
Spleen, and make a perfect Soldier of him. Had  
The Man been married, he had been spoiled.

*Mal.* Your Grace is pleas'd, but shou'd my Lord and  
*Isabella* meet, or the King incline to the match;  
I of necessity must be crut as an atonement,  
For the reconciliation.

*Glou.* Hitherto thou hast acted well, doubting will  
Undo thee. No, *Clarence* and *Isabella* meet no more.  
Like Lovers, on the word of *Gloucester*, be directed;  
And search no further, tread the way that I show  
Thee, which shall lead to thy advancement.

*Mal.* Too far I've ventured now to think of a return.

*Glou.* Where's the Key that to the Castle gives the  
Wish'd admittance?

*Mal.* There 'tis: had you but seen with what fear,  
What trembling 'twas given, heard the prayers  
The piercing words, the frighted Virgin used,  
'Twou'd sure have shock'd ye.

*Glou.* No, I shou'd have laugh'd at the deluded Maid.  
Does your Master wear to day the Sword I gave you?

*Mal.* My Lord, you know he does?

*Glou.* 'Tis well that Sword is temper'd, as I wou'd ever  
With my foes, for at the first meeting Clasp  
It breaks, six of my Volunteers will seize  
Him; men not unused to practices like those.  
In vain he'll call himself *Clarence*, in vain  
Endeavour to convince 'em for they are  
Well prepar'd, and without my orders, won't  
Release him. When this is done, leave you the  
Duke, the King shall both protect and reward you.

*Mal.* As my diligence shall merit, I ask no more.

[Exit *Mal.*]

*Glou.* Thy merit's death, and thou shalt find it, fool;  
Thy sting, thy venoms gone, thou hast done  
Thy best. And the Volunteers  
That seize the Prince, have orders to stop

Thy craving mouth.  
*Clarence* too soon will know thee,  
 Now therefore thou art useless.

*Enter at rising Ground King Edward.*

*Edw.* Speak, *Gloucester*, shall haughty *Catharine*  
 Mourn this Night.

*Glow.* She shall, if *Tudor's* blood can make  
 Her weep. Here's the Key, wait the  
 Signal, and prepare to glut your Eyes.

*Edw.* Oh let me hug thee close; I feel and  
 Warm Vengeance rise, and joys fiercer  
 As is fruition, fill the big heart, which  
 That ungrateful fair despised. 'Tis grown

A Rambler now, and can be pleas'd  
 On easier terms than dying;  
 Yet I will see again those Charming eyes,  
 But all their tears and menaces despise,  
 And laugh at *Catharine*, when her *Tudor* dies. *[Exit]*

*The End of the Third Act.*

## A C T the Fourth.

### S C E N E the Castle.

*Enter Duke of Clarence, and Malavill.*

*Clar.* **H**ERE did I expect---oh what did I not expect  
 Even all the happiness my heart is fond of,  
 Cruel disappointment; yet 'tis but just;  
 When man gives up his Noble Charter, his Reason,  
 And is passions Slave, he shou'd be us'd so:  
 Oh, *Malavill*, cou'dst thou believe such falshood  
 Were in Womankind;

*Mal.* Most easily, my Lord, 'tis the common practice,  
 Had she proved true, that had been the wonder.

*Clar.* Is't possible.  
*Isabella* was my first and only Love:

Pure

Pure were my flames, and my desires unfeign'd,  
 Her returns I thought full of celestial innocence,  
 When in her Charming eyes I first read kindness,  
 If I catch'd a dear relenting glance;  
 How modestly she wou'd decline 'em;  
 Her lovely face cover'd with Vermilion blushes:  
 Nay, the tears wou'd follow. Could this all be deceit?  
 Could she weep and vow and look, such things  
 And yet dissemble still.

*Mal.* 'Tis natural to the Sex.

*Clar.* And is that dear false hand given to *Thyrrold*?  
 His plighted Wife! Racks, Wheels, and Gibbets,  
 Sword and fire, can their torments equal  
 That curst thought; yet when I reflect on this  
 Unexampled Treachery, methinks 'tis strange  
 The story most improbable, 'tis but some few hours  
 Ago that fair one gave me all the tenderest  
 Marks of love and kindest promises; what cou'd  
 Tempt her to draw me on so far?

*Mal.* I like not this.

[*Aside.*]

*Clar.* But then how shou'd *Thyrrold* know of our  
 Intended flight, unless thou hast proved  
 The smooth fac'd Villain, and betray'd me.

*Mal.* If you mistrust me, use your Sword,  
 Wound me not with your unkind suspicions:  
 Tardy Duke of Gloucester, I shall be ruin'd.

[*Aside.*]

*Clar.* I know not what to think, but shou'd I find  
 Thou hast wronged me in the tenderest part,  
 The blessing of my Life, my Love, my *Isabella*,  
 I cannot name her but my heart will rise:  
 Oh, cruel Charmer think not to 'scape my Vengeance,  
 For tho' the King shou'd Guard thee, through  
 His heart I'd reach at thine; seize thee  
 Like a loosen'd Fury, and shake thee into Atoms.

*Thyrrold above.*

*Thyr.* What mad man's this, that rayes beneath our Walls.

*Clar.* Traytor, come down and see.

*Thyr.* I wou'd, but for commands which I have sworn to obey.

*Clar.* What commands shifting Coward?

*Thyr.* Fair *Isabella* has hung about my neck,  
 Used such prevailing arts of fondness,  
 Beg'd with such a grace, and so much power,  
 That I have forgiven both her and you.

*Clar.*



*Clar.* Ye raging Fires, eat, eat my heart; burn lowards,  
But burst not forth, I wo't not answer like a Woman,  
With my Tongue alone, but *Thyrza*, be assur'd  
I shall find thee: yes, hadst thou Gyants  
For thy Guard, wert thou hem'd with Devils  
I'd Grapple with thee, and sink thee too:  
Remember that, and tremble.

*Thyr.* If I tremble it must be with delight,  
To *Isabella's* Bed I am going, the Priest  
Has made us one, there the soft, the melter,  
The expecting fair one lies, think you on that,  
And mangle thy own flesh.  
In distraction thy wretched bosom tear,  
Reflect upon my joy, and then despair.

[*Exit Thyrza*]

*Clar.* Curses, curses! Oh *Malaville*, in thy bosom  
Hide me, for if I look that way my eyes will burst.

• Enter three or four Villains.

1 *Vill.* Yonder he stands, we may seize his Sword  
E'er he perceive us. [*Snatches his Sword from him.*]

*Clar.* Villains what mean ye?

*Malaville*, give me thy Sword, and get behind me.

*Mal.* No, I'll defend your life.

1 *Vill.* Fool, thou canst not save thy own. [*Strikes him, he falls.*]

*Mal.* Oh pardon me noble Sir you are betray'd and so

Am I, the Lady *Isabella* is ——— [*dies.*]

*Clar.* What, go on, speak but that word, that syllable either  
False or True, and I'll forgive thee all; 'tis lost in death.

1 *Vill.* You must with us.

*Clar.* Slaves, do you know to whom you speak?

1 *Vill.* Our orders are to force you, if you resist.

*Clar.* Unhand me, Dogs, I am the Duke of *Clarence*.

1 *Vill.* No matter who you are, you are our Prisoner now.

*Clar.* Slaves, Villains, Murderers. [*Exit forc'd off.*]

## SCENE the inside of the Castle. A Toilet.

Enter *Isabella*, and *Esperanza*.

*Isa.* Methinks I tread these Royal Rooms, as bodies  
Summon'd to the Grave, take their last melancholy  
Rounds, and sadly traverse o'er and o'er the places that

They

They best have loved ; Oh love are all that bend beneath  
 Thy weight, oppress'd like me? no, 'tis impossible.  
 Then humane kind would throw thy bondage off,  
 But alas, thy crowds of Votaries are Rovers all,  
 Play with desire, catch'd at the eyes, and changed  
 Without a pang ; 'tis not, my *Clarence*, so with us,  
 The link of Souls has fixt our meeting Passions,  
 I hope beyond the power of Fate to break ;  
 By yon lifted tapers Show the Queen is coming,  
 Be gone, my *Esperance*, get our disguises ready,  
 And wait me at the outer Court.

*Esper.* Madam, I will.

*Isa.* See where they come, *Tudor* and the Queen;  
 Arm in arm they walk ; Love takes up [Exit *Es.*  
 Every thought and every wish.  
 Nor cou'd those Majestick eyes of *Catharine*  
 Express more pleasure, more satisfaction,  
 When she beheld a Thousand ready slaves,  
 Who watch'd each motion and sied to execute  
 E'er she cou'd speak her will ; this proves  
 Possessing the dear object that's beloved,  
 Superiour to ambition, a sublimer Joy,  
 And *Clarence*, shall not thou and I, be thus happy ?  
 Yes, if in *France* they give us but an humble  
 Vineyard joyn'd with a lovely Cottage, there won't  
 Thou meet me with such desiring eyes, there  
 Shall I forget the bustle of the great, and in thy  
 Faithfull arms taste balmy slumbers, which the  
 Busie Statesman, and the fair false one  
 Never knows.

*Enter Queen Catharine, Owen Tudor in a Night-gown, Ladies  
 of Honour.*

She comes ! Oh let me gaze eagerly, as the  
 Transported *Tudor*, for Heaven only knows, when I  
 Shall behold that dear, that lovely form again.

*Tud.* Haste, ye officious Virgins ! haste  
 Off with all these useless shining Ornaments, give her to  
 My longings : Oh, fairest *Catharine*, leave to thy  
 Wanton Sex the care of dress, let them use Art  
 And Skill, labour hard to make a little Conquest.  
 Thy eyes will do the work alone, the *Indian* sweets,  
 And *Aromatick* Gums be theirs, thy rose breath,  
 Out vie's 'em all.

*Cat.* Oh, how long is it since my ears have drank such

Accents,

Accents, I cannot chide thy flatteries, cause tis  
Loves excess? A Chair then for my Lord.

*Tud.* No, here at thy feet, grasping thy knees  
For which I've courted every Power, which day and  
Night has heard me beg of thee; at length  
Relenting Heavens—

*Car.* Does Heaven relent, my *Tudor*? Oh no, that  
Hope's too full of blessings; if Heaven were reconciled,  
Then we shoud meet to part no more.

*Tud.* Why have ye damp'd my rising joys with the  
Detested thought of parting; ye all righteous  
Powers, if we must part again, if my fond Eyes  
Must be snatched from what they dote on, and  
Condemn'd to view objects which they hate,  
Grant, grant this milder doom, close 'em in the night  
Of death, least returning back to my despair, I  
Curse that Providence I woud reverse.

*Car.* Hard Fate of greatness, as if it were the Foe  
And opposite to love, rarely defends, but brings a train  
Of mischiefs.

*Tud.* Yet, 'tis a glorious ruin thus to hover o'er my  
Queen, to breath my Vows upon her Sacred bosom,  
Tho' this breath were now my last, is happier far  
Than to have lived a long insipid Age with such  
Ignoble Fair One: taste of such Seraphick bliss,  
Worth the exchange of *Nestor's* years.

*Car.* This is too much, my *Tudor*; that soft maid just in the bloom  
Of Beauty might excuse a Lover's talking so, I  
Must not hear extravagance like this.

*Isa. aside.* The dreadful hour approaches, uninterrupted time  
Has measur'd half its minutes and oh my Coward  
Heart beats faster than the warning Clocks.

*Tud.* Ye all are triflers,  
And not consider the impaciency of my desires, nor the  
Cruel Fate, which bounds my wishes and will bring my  
Foe the morning e'er I have whisper'd half the story  
Of my Love.

*Car.* Fie, my Lord, my *Isabella* help me here, ha thy  
Hands are cold upon me, thou tremblest too, see.

*Tudor.* see, my beauteous charge looks pale?  
Speak! what ails my choicest care.

*Isa.* Something cold and shuddering, like what  
We apprehend of death has seized me, permit  
Me, Madam, to retire, I shall soon recover, but if I  
Do not, if I die or ought that's worse befall,  
Upon my knees I beg a kind remembrance.

*Car.*



*Cat.* Alas, she is much disorder'd, lead her in; with richest Cordials revive her sinking spirits, and bring me Instant word.

*Ila.* Oh love! oh fate! Oh Queen below'd, which shall I Follow? direct me, Heaven. [*Exit Ila, led off.*]

*Cat.* Her words disjoyned are, yet sure there's meaning in 'em.

*Tud.* No more, my Queen, than what the Story Of her love allows.

*Cat.* Forgive my superstition, if I say I think it ominous; My *Isabella* sickens when my Joys are fullest in Seeing you again.

*Tud.* I have all my heart can wish, without a further Thought. My Heaven is here.

*Cat.* Ha! methinks I see a bloody hand that parts Our meeting arms; it points towards thee, and seems to Rain a shower of blood upon us. Turn towards me, Thou fatal Fantom; on this devoted head, let the Dreadfull omen fall, but spare! oh spare my *Tudor*!

*Tud.* My Queen, my Love, my Life, do with me what you will; From the highest Turret hurl me down: stab your Adorer, rather than let me hear you talk as if Depriv'd of reason.

*Cat.* Did you not see nothing then? Oh what was it! of what, Was the sad Idea made! that got between my eyes and your Lov'd form?

*Tud.* Hide thy fears within these faithfull arms, which long to Clasp thee; turn thy bright eyes into my heart: Oh! that you cou'd, there, wou'd you behold your own Loved Image, sitting Triumphant o'er every thought, And ruler of each wish.

*Cat.* Still do I tremble and feel a terror o'er my spirits, to which I cannot give a name. Prithee do not Judge unkindly Of my weakness.

*Tud.* No, I must bless your tender care, but sure were your Breast as full of Love as mine, there cou'd not be a Room for any other passion.

*Enter Esperanza.*

*Esp.* Murder! murder! I'm pursu'd by Men or Monsters Of the night, which from the Vault arise, and Follow me with fury.

F

*Cat.*

*Cat.* Then we are lost, this doors too weak resistance.  
(*Passes the door.*)

*Tud.* Surpriz'd, unarm'd ! Oh for a Sword.

*Cat.* Step, my dearest Lord, into this Closet, whilst I Meet these bold Invaders, there may be power in Injur'd Majesty, to stop their Insolence.

*Tud.* What, must I be hid like a midnight thief, or Pale Adulterer ; no, no, my Queen ? rather let me plant My naked breast against this pass, and die defending it.  
(*A noise.*)

*Cat.* They come. I conjure thee, *Tudor*, By honour, by love, by whatever thou holdest dear, By my desires, which still were sacred, enter here.

*Tud.* I will obey, tho' I am convinc'd, 'tis not evading my Fate, but receiving the death they bring, a baser Way, as if I fear'd it.

(*Exit into the Closet.*)

*A noise without.*

*Glon.* Break down the door.  
We must have entrance.

*Cat.* Help there ! ring the alarm Bell : I am beset : It must be Villains, some robbers of the Camp for Plunder, who, notwithstanding the General's grant for Peace, disturb my rest, and fright me to distraction, Ring out the Alarm Bell : *Thyrrold*, where are ye ?

*Glon.* (*within.*) We are your Friends, The King is here, open the door, Else we shall break it ; if you talk of Peace, give Not cause for Violation : *Thyrrold* is with us, and all That he commands.

*Cat.* Then opposition is in vain ?

*Enter Edward, Duke of Gloucester, Sir James Thyrrold and Officers.*

*Cat.* Ha ! is this the Courage the *Plantagenets* pretend to, Making War on Women, attacking a defenceless Queen Whom their own promises, if they were binding, Had secur'd ?

*Edw.*

*Edw.* You first broke the Articles by sending succors  
To your Son, and by harbouring Traytors proclaim'd.

*Cat.* Sure till you enter'd, these Walls held none,  
Unless 'twere he which trembles there behind.

(Pointing to *Thyrrold*.)

*Edw.* He has done his duty :

*Catharine*, in vain you dress your face in frowns,  
Those imperious looks are unregarded now, there  
Was a time : yes, shame to my weakness, there was  
A time when half that rigour could have struck  
Me groveling to the Earth, like one fell'd by the  
Almighty Thunderer, crawling in dust, unable to  
Resist, but thanks to my kinder Stars, 'tis past : the  
Giddy Wheel has gone its round, and terror on this  
Brow alone's to be observ'd : Brother, proceed you  
In the search,

*Cat.* He shall not dare, by my great *Henry's* Soul, whose  
Little finger would have tumbled your aspirings  
Down, and crush't ye into nothing, he shall not dare.

*Glou.* What has the Lyon cast his Skin ? is *Tudor*  
Cramm'd shaking in some close corner, and left the *Queen* to  
Brave us ? Come, fellow Soldiers, we'll seek this  
Lurking Rebel, drag him from the hole, whither  
His fears have led him, and take his forfeit  
Head, for coming where all our Laws deny'd him.

*Enter Tudor.*

*Tud.* No, be thine the fears as thine's the guilt, as  
Thine's the name of Rebel, this honest loyal  
Heart defies thy malice.

*Cat.* Away, away, my *Tudor* : hold, cruel *Gloucester*  
Hold ?

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isa.* Stand off ! and let me pass, what mischief's acting  
Here ; has *Clarence* done this, and am I the cause ?

*Glou.* Ha, another Fury ! take her, *Thyrrold*, to thy dispose ;



she's wholly given—you know the rest; leave not a Rival room to hope, least this opportunity proves Thy last.

*Isa.* Touch me not, Monster. What have I done? if I Am guilty, let the injur'd Queen punish me, let her Spurn me, trample on me, print me with a Thousand wounds, I'll not complain.

*Thyr.* You shall have no reason, Madam, but you Must retire, 'tis the command of him, who now Is master here.

*Isa.* I will not, Sir; oh save me, Royal Madam, from The cruel hands of these inhumane Men.

*Glou.* Force her hence, we other business have than to Mind her foolish fears.

*Isa.* Help heav'n, if the Queen denies, help thou my Weakness? help! Oh help! *(Exit for a off, with Thyr.)*

*Car.* Alas, distracted wretch, but Why name I her, when all my life holds dear is On the brink of ruin?

*Tud.* Speak, *Edward*, what is my doom, dauntless, I Expect it, I wou'd have met thee fairly in the field, body to Body, arm'd with Sword and Justice, but I suppose You lik'd not that, therefore now what you please.

*Edw.* Audacious *Tudor*, thou threaten! condemn'd for Thy Ambition, thy haughty love is adjudged a Treason Capital, even that Puny King *Henry*, whom thou Pretendest to serve, he had courage to Sentence thee: Seize him, Captain, Command his head be stricken Off, and fixt upon the Castle Wall.

*Car.* Thro' this bosom, whoso'er comes on: am I not Daughter of *France* and *England's* Queen? have I no Power? where are my Guards? Alas, I had forgot, I've None.

*Tud.* Disturb not thus the quiet of thy Soul, my everlasting Charmer? Thy sorrows rack me more than all their Rage: Come, whither am I to be led?

*Car.* Oh, *Tudor*? glory, disdain, and pomp are mine No more, yet thou art mine, thou art yet alive, and for That precious life I will renounce the former; yes, *Edward*, I read the swollen pride that fills thy eyes, And gathers on thy brow. Gaze thee this way, behold That Queen, who look thee with a nod fall thus, Thy suppliant.

*Edw.* And at this sight, may Heaven and Earth be Witness, oh *Gloucester*! well hast thou fulfil'd thy word.

Not



Not all the Crowns ambition covets, *England* and  
*France*, the noblest Diadems, can please like this:  
 Thus did I kneel, and thus was repuls'd; and oh fair  
 Queen, if I have lost my Soul for want of pity,  
 His life is poor amends.

*Car.* Sure there is something in thee like the mixture  
 Of a God and Devil.

I cannot beg, my heart's above it:  
 Yet spare him *Edward*, for thy future fame.

*Tud.* Oh torture, not to be endur'd, my life ask'd  
 Of him, him whose life I did command.

*Edw.* Ha!

*Car.* Oh stop, bend to hard necessity, thy words have  
 Given him new rage, canst thou behold these  
 Low submissions for thy sake, and frustrate all their  
 Power?

*Glon.* You do indeed submit below your Character  
 To save your wanton choice, the Idol of your Lust.

*Tud.* Villain, I'll tear out that Blasphemous tongue,  
 That has prophan'd a Chastity.  
 Thy Mother never knew.

[*Flies at Gloucester:*

*Glon.* I always go prepar'd for such a hug, lie there  
 Presuming wretch.

[*Stabs him, Tud. falls.*

*Car.* Wither the arm, that arm that gave the blow:  
 Curst be my Female weakness too that could not save him.  
 Oh fatal aim, speak to me once again. [*Sinks upon Tud.*

*Edw.* Look to the Queen?

*Gloucester*, thou hast done as men in power would wish,  
 A cruel necessary act without the bidding,  
 Yet help me, Brother, for thou I find art steady,  
 And tenderness struggles with revenge: Oh, the  
 Uncertainty of humane passion, for *Catherine* I  
 Would once have died, yet now have given her  
 Sorrows severer much than death.

*Car.* Ha! who have we here, my *Tudor* bleeding,  
 These bubbling wounds are none of thine,  
 If they are, give 'em to me, I feel 'em at my heart.

*Tud.* My paradise on earth, farewell: Have patience,  
 Live for their dear sakes I leave behind,  
 My Children? Oh farewell?

[*dies.*

*Car.* No, we won't part so soon,  
 On these pale lips, I will for ever, ever lie.

*Edw.* The sight stupifies my senses:  
 Let's to the field, there in the clank of Swords  
 I will forget this private murder,  
 For sure it cannot bear a better name.

*Glon.*

*Glou.* Yes, as I shall order it, when the day is ours,  
Which is now undoubted, his death breaks their Forces,  
Missing their Leader, his Troops dismay'd prove useless,  
After Conquest it shall be given out,  
That he was taken and beheaded : Victory  
And Success will stop the mouth of unnecessary truth,  
And leave the following Age in doubt.

*Edw.* Captain, let the Trumpets sound,  
Wake every Soldier with the voice of Battle,  
For as the Sun must rise in blood, so shall  
His evening be, and he shall mine no more,  
Till he behold no Rival in the British Throne :  
*Gloucester*, dispose of *Tudor* as you please,  
But to the Queen offer no violence.

Oh *Catharine* ! Oh fatal Beauty, what ruins  
Thy Love has made.

(*Exit Edw.*)

*Car.* Ha, who said that if I am curst in Love,  
I'll try to thrive in hate, to thrive in curses ;  
Curst be *Edward* ? Curst be all his Race, let 'em,  
*Prometheus* like, have their own bowels torn,  
For they have prey'd upon my heart.

*Glou.* Have comfort, Madam.

*Car.* Comfort ! yes, from thy bloody hand I wou'd  
Receive it ? Daggers, Sword, and Poyson, are the only  
Comforts thou canst give or I desire. *Henry*  
And *Tudor* both the rich prizes now of death,  
Then why am I spared : come on thou Murderer,  
Strike this swelling bosom, and let me mount to  
My Immortal Heroes ; see where my *Tudor* rises  
On a Fleecy Cloud, all Crown'd with  
Radiant light : Oh take me with thee ! he ascends  
A pace, I cannot reach him, I'll tear this Clog  
Of flesh off : bear me, ye Whirlwinds near him,  
Vain delusive joy, cold and bleeding at my feet,  
The dear one lies. Oh, my sick brain !

*Glou.* Sleep will give you ease : Here, Soldiers, carry  
This body to the outer Court, from his dead trunk  
Severe his head ; think it not cruelty,  
For he feels no further pain.

*Car.* Ha ! must he not be buried then, but mangled  
More, yes he shall, I'll hide him, I'll scrape the Earth up  
But I'll find a Grave ; Receive him common Parent,  
Receive him at my call.

*Glou.* Divide her from his Body.

*Car.* No, never ! never ! hear me, *Gloucester* !  
I will help thy invention, mend thy bloody purpose :

Cut

Cut off my living limbs, mingle 'em with his,  
 Throw upon us molten Lead, and Seas of liquid fires,  
 But divide us now no more.

*Glou.* Haste, ye sluggards,  
 Gently raise the Queen,

*[Drag Tudor out, the  
 Queen falls at the door.]*

And in some other apartment let her be confin'd.

This was a shock indeed; but this o'ercome  
 Points out lost *Henry's* succeeding doom.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

## ACT the Fifth.

*The Trumpets play an Overture of Victory: Then Enter King  
 Edward, Duke of Gloucester, Warwick, and Lords; Lord  
 Dacres, and several other Prisoners.*

*Edw.* **T**IS done, the business of the War is done.  
 The House of *Lancaster* has yielded back,  
 The honours unjustly they usurp'd in storms,  
 The Red Rose folds up her silken leaves,  
 And sinks beneath a Sea of blood; from whence  
 Our's the White emblem of Peace arises,  
 And shall bless the Land with plenty; henceforth  
 English Swords shall be no more sheathed  
 In English bosoms: in Foreign Lands we'll search  
 For new Acquests of Glory, for when our native  
 Earth is reduced with the Blood of those we  
 Call our Foes; we must blush to think  
 They shou'd have been our Brethren.

*Warw.* Then after Conquest let 'em be so received;  
 To shew the War was just, shun cruelty.

*Edw.* Far be it from my Nature, or if it were,  
 I wou'd submit to you, the mighty *Warwick*;  
 Whose very name brought Victory, whose Sword  
 Has led me on to all the Honours I have won.

*Warw.* I am not used to flatter, yet must say,  
 A thousand eyes can witness that you fought  
 Almost beyond the power of Man,  
 Nor did your Brothers lag behind; thrice did I  
 Follow *Clarence's* rash inadvertency,

Which



Which plung'd him headlong midst their thickest Troops;  
Yet the bold youth despis'd my aid,  
And with death, a round him clear'd his way.

*Glou.* I gave that fury to his arm,  
When the imprison'd Lyon was let loose,  
And told that *Thyrrold* was amongst our Foes:

*Warw.* Why does he shun the glory of this day,  
And having shar'd the danger, refuse the Triumphs,  
Which are to his valour due?

*Edw.* That's a melancholy story,  
But time will wean him of his follies:  
My Lord *Dacres*, I think you've long been  
Chamberlain to the late Queen, *Catharine* I mean.

*Dac.* I have,  
And wish more to express my Loyalty,  
My blood was mingled with theirs whose brave Souls,  
Now are mounted upwards, tho' their bodies  
Lie weltring on the plain.

*Edw.* Only do me Justice in your Reports,  
And take your Liberty, hast to your afflicted Queen:  
And tell her, Revenge, the insatiable Monster,  
Now is gorg'd, and shall towards her for ever sleep:  
Where e'er she chooses, there uninterrupted,  
And in Peace she shall remain.

*Dac.* I wou'd not, King,  
(For that title now thou hast purchas'd)  
Take a favour where I never mean to make returns:  
Yet thus far my Age and Sorrows force me  
To promise, no more to lift a Sword against thee;  
I've seen the ruin of my Royal master's Race,  
And in some Cell I'll not repine at thee,  
But mourn their hard fate for ever. *(Exit Da.)*

*Edw.* A truly honest man:  
Nor wou'd power or perswasion bend him;  
Loyalty is like Religion, that we suck in first,  
Tho' with the strongest Arguments assail'd,  
Most hardly is remov'd, on the Prisoners  
In the List, see execution done,  
The rest be guarded with effectual care,  
Now let the sound of Victory fore-run us,  
To every Quarter of the Camp, whilst we  
Receive our well deserving Soldiers,  
With Praise and Love.

*[The Trumpets sound again. Exit.]*

*Admunt*



*Manent Gloucester, and a Sergeant.*

*Glou.* Thus far we have done well ; the Clouds are Vanish'd, and the bright Sun of Glory shines, but 'tis Upon my Elder Brothers, and what's all this to me?

*Edward and Clarence*, two goodly spreading Oaks,  
If both stand fair, I must expect no growth.

This Letter, as from an unknown hand, lays all the Odium of his Imprisonment upon the King, and What will touch him nearer, his Mistress loss ;

Who by this time is married to *Thyrrold*, or worse,  
For he had unbounded license ; the Contents of the Paper send him thither too ; I am sure the Plot's Well laid, and must produce some mischief, which Ever-way it makes for me : Here, trusty Friend,  
With your usual Caution, get this deliver'd to the Duke of *Clarence*.

*Serv.* It shall, Sir ?

[*Exit Serv.*]

*Glou.* Were it alone to fight for Kingdoms, a well made thick Skull'd Hero might Excell me, but to keep the Engine of the mind At work by a deep thought, to do the Business, and turn the fools Swords upon each other, There I exceed the brawny Fellows and show my Master piece.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE, the Castle.

*Enter Thyrrold, Isabella, and a Priest.*

*Thyr.* Nay, Madam, struggle not, what was before Perverseness, now will become a Sin, you know you Are my wedded Wife.

*Isa.* Horrid prophaner of Heav'n's Laws, and ruiner Of me ! did I not fly from thy detested hands,  
And call the Saints to witnests, I wou'd never joyn Thee ? Speak, Holy Father, tho' ancle deep, thou art Not plunged all o'er in Sin, was that a Marriage,  
When my Screams rent the Sacred Chappel, and When my spirit quite exhausted, I lay in Dreadfull swoonings, on the cold pavement.

*Pri.* You will not hear me out : I say, 'twas by Compulsion, yet 'twas your stubbornness Occasion'd it, and since 'tis for the good of both,

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I pronounce it valid.

*Isa.* Say not so ; Holy Father, you shon'd  
Protect injur'd innocence ; Oh, do not leave  
Me, stay, I conjure you stay ?

*Pri.* Madam, I cannot, pray loose your hold, business  
Of Importance calls me hence.

*Thyr.* Slip thro' the Files, and hid 'em guard the  
Passage well. Look up my fair Bride.

Be nice and coy no more, for spite of all your  
Coldness, ye now are mine.

*Isa.* 'Tis false, if there be Guardian Angels, if the  
Just powers take note of haly vows, already  
Made, they will assist my helpless cries, and keep  
Me from the curse of being thine ? yet hear me,  
*Thyr.* since Villany has born the mask of Love,  
Thus far I forgive thee, quit me now, and leave  
The reward of such a kindness to one who  
Owns a generous Soul.

*Thyr.* Have my Rival thank me ! is't not so ? were your  
Beauty no greater than your Politicks, it had never  
Come to this. What, be a Traytor to that Queen,  
Who from my youth had foster'd me, draw the  
Noble *Tudor's* blood upon my head, and then give  
Back the price, for which I stak'd my Soul.

*Isa.* *Tudor* dead ? Oh I must prepare to suffer,  
My Queens curse hangs justly o'er me.

*Thyr.* All you can imagine horrid, is past ; but all  
To come, is pleasing ? Pleasing, oh the poor expression !  
Transports and Extasies.

*Isa.* Agonies beyond the bearing, and visited again  
On you : yes, Conscience will retort it back with  
Glamours never to be hush'd, and stings incurable.  
Think on that, vile man ?

*Thyr.* Think and look on you, impossible ! the kindled  
Fire mounts my veins, and I have already lost the use of  
Thought : Oh I will pour upon thee with desires, that  
Shall melt thy frozen heart, or cool at least my  
Burnings.

*Isa.* Where am I, in what dreadful vision, transplanted  
To a barbarous clime : *England* ne'er brought forth  
Such a Monster, there must be help. My voice shall  
Wake some pitying Creature.

*Thyr.* Again you judge me foolish ; no my joys are well  
Secured, the generous *Gloucester* for my Treasons gave  
Me thee, since nothing else cou'd tempt me, and with

A Guard *Alcides*, if such a one there were, could  
Hardly pass; look that way and behold from this the  
Highest Lodgings of the Castle, the steps all lined  
With men arm'd and resolute, therefore consent,  
Comply, let me receive from kindness, what I  
Can from power. Give me thy Charms, or let me seize  
'Em; one way or other, I must be blest.

*Isa.* Hold, Sir, as ever you have heard of Virtue or  
Religion, for, sure you must have heard of both.  
Tho' you ne'er practis'd the beatick rules, remember  
There will come a time when these mad passions,  
That buoy your blood up to Rapes and Mischiefs, must  
Sink with fainting nature; when the bowl can  
Chear no more; then, Oh, reflect the horror to  
Look back on a lewd dissolute life, and forward on  
Eternity.

*Thyr.* Fair preacher, I shall find out better use for  
Those soft lips, than Captiv'g this; let me close  
Their pretty railing and warm 'em to a smile.

*Isa.* Stand off. By all my fears and woes, I feel a strength  
Celestial in my resolution, approach not, do not  
Move a hairs breadth, for if thou dost, I'll be reveng'd  
On those curst eyes, that lighted up thy Impious  
Love, with these hands tear out the hated balls,  
And dash 'em bleeding in thy face, when our bodies  
Yield our minds swerve first, but I can stop  
My breath and die, yes, Traytor, I both can and dare.

*Thyr.* Oh, *Isabella*? where's now the Dove-like sweetness,  
Which first catch'd my Soul, I see by those furious  
Beams, those angry threat'ning threatening eyes dart  
On me, I can ne'er be blest, yet do not think  
Your menaces could stop me: for, know my power's  
So great, that I could force upon you life and love, or the  
Effects of Love, but since I see that force would  
Never be forgiven, that I shou'd never come to  
Those dear arms, a welcome guest perhaps, upon  
Some terms I may desist.

*Isa.* Ha! what said ye, at such a goodness how soon  
Shou'd I forget my terrors, and turn all my  
Curses, into prayers and blessings.

*Thyr.* Talk not of blessing, when I lose you, I lose all  
Hopes of happiness, here, or hereafter, therefore like  
The Foe of human kind, fain wou'd I sink  
My Rival down to my Perdition.

*Isa.* What mean you?

*Thyr.* Only this, that if I send you untouch'd and safely  
To the Queen, you never hold with *Clarence*  
Interviews, Discourse, or any sort of  
Correspondence more.

*Isa.* Oh Heavens.

*Thyr.* Start ye at this then, you shall straight be seiz'd,  
Drag'd to yon Apartment, and the curst happy youth,  
If you survive, as no doubt you will,  
Shall have but the leavings of my Fires?  
What ! hea !

*Isa.* Stay a moment, what must I swear ?

*Thyr.* With that Contagion may seize this beauteous  
Body, and Furies haunt your Soul, when you consent to wed him.

*Isa.* Alas !

*Thyr.* Nay I allow no pause, resolve on one or other.

*Isa.* Then be witness Heaven, which unassisting sees  
My sufferings here, I bid adieu to him and all mankind.

*Thyr.* This is not enough, kneeling repeat the Imprecation,  
Diseases and Despair distract ye, when ever you  
Receive him, for your Lord swear to damnation. Swear ?

*Isa.* This is cruel usage, *Thyrrold*, to force upon my gentle  
Nature, dreadfull oaths which I have still abhorrd.

*Thyr.* Just now you could rage at me, now you beg  
Your gentle nature quite forgot. Swear, on all my rage  
Returns with less Love and double Fury.

*Isa.* Then as I hope for rest when this tormented soul  
Takes its flight, he never shall possess his *Isabella* !

*Thyr.* Ha, ha, ha, now I find you are to be Conquer'd  
In giving up your Love, you have given up that Resolution,  
Which shockt me, and since he never shall enjoy you,  
'Tis but fit I shou'd supply his room,  
Come this way, no more preambles nor strugglings.

*Isa.* Yes, whilst I have life ? Oh that as I have in  
Fables read, I cou'd in very truth be turn'd into a stone,  
A tree, or any senseless Mass.

*Thyr.* Your senses shall be Banquetted. If you strive  
More I must make use of ruder hands,  
I wou'd not willingly expose my Wife.

*Isa.* Give me to Tygers to any thing but thee.  
Is no Compassion near ? Help, help.

*Clashing of Swords.*

*Clar.* [Within.] Give way, give way : He dies,  
Whoever dares approach my fury.

*Thyr.* Quitting *Isa.* Ha betray'd ! [drawing his sword.]

*Isa.*



*Isa.* Oh, I will meet that voice thro' all the glittering dangers that my Eyes behold.  
*Thyr.* Stand back, you run on pointed Swords.

*Isa.* No matter, I shall not now be forced.

*[As Clarence with his followers fights his way in, Isabella is stab'd.]*

*Isa.* Ah me, it was unkind, but I shall soon find ease.

*Thy.* Oh rash adventurer, let 'em come, all the Prize is lost.  
*[Kneels to help her.]*

*Enter Clarence, Thyrrold's men fly.*

*Clar.* Thanks worthy men, who have ventured thus Your lives for my revenge.

*[Sees Thyr. and Isa.]*  
 Ha! an Angel coupling with a Fiend!  
 Rise Villain and meet my Sword.  
 Or thus I'll send thee to thy native Hell.

*Thyr.* I won't fight, you are the Brother of my King  
 If you kill me you know your Pardon's sure,  
 Shou'd I but draw the blood of you I stand Condemn'd.

*Clar.* Poor and Precarious will ye not fight for *Isabella*?

*Thyr.* She is not worth it now, your honour will not  
 Let you strike a naked Bosom, and I'll make no defence.

*Clar.* Oh most detested baseness, live, drag on  
 That shamefull life, but fly lest I am tempted  
 With thy loathed sight to an unmanly deed.

*Thyr.* Yes, I will live to act more mischiefs, if I  
 Judge my Master right, that set me on to this:  
 It may fall on thee.

Torturing Love shall fill my Breast no more,

*But rage and enmity possess my mind,*

*To vex and ruin the race of human kind.* *(Exit Thyr.)*

*Clar.* Oh guilty, guilty *Isabella*!

Well may'st thou fall on Earth, and hide thy eyes,  
 Which dare not sure look up to Heaven, after all  
 These Perjuries, yet rise, follow with haste the choice,  
 Which thou prefer'st to doting *Clarence*, and let me  
 No more behold thy fatal Beauties: 'tis true,  
 I did come mad with a resolve to kill thy Husband,  
 His Cowardice has prevented me? Oh ye cruel powers,  
 Cou'd he find no other bosom to blush away  
 His shame in, but my *Isabella's*, mine adored,  
 Thou dost not stir nor answer me, and oh,  
 I dare not raise thee, but to touch thy hand,

Wou'd

Would fire my soul, and set me into wild distraction,

And therefore away, yet wilt thou not move,

And oh, I feel a Mothers earning on me

Towards an erring Child :

I must gaze upon thee, tho' it gives me death :

Ha ! death indeed ?

Who has done this, my love is pale and bleeding,

*Foll.* Alas, how came she wounded ?

*Clar.* And I curst Villain, worse than *Thyrrold*,

Instead of help have wasted time in my reproaches,

Assist, Oh ! softly, softly, touch my dying Love.

(*raising her.*)

*Isa.* (*reviving.*) Where am I ; I'll none of *Thyrrold* :

Let me go, let me go :

*Clar.* What means all this, O look and speak to thy *Clarence*,

What wicked practices have been acted here :

How came this streaming Wound ; fly for some help.

*Isa.* 'Tis he, 'tis he !

Oh I will throw my Virgin arms about thy neck,

Unus'd to such embraces,

But I've been frighted, *Clarence*, and here I will

Recover Peace.

*Clar.* Oh my Souls Comfort, my hearts Joy,

Whom I'll suspect no more, this ardor does me mid,

Convince me of thy truth, but Oh Almighty love !

Now cannot save us,

Whilst thus you blest me with your kindness,

Your Life, your precious Life expires.

*Isa.* No matter, let it go, alas I am weary ont

Stand back, I had forgot, I have sworn never

To see thee more, but that's no matter neither ;

I am going where there is no oppression,

No injustice, there I shall be forgiven,

This last pleasure dying in my *Clarence* arms.

*Clar.* To all my Countries happiness

I must for ever bid adieu, it has

No longer date than this poor breath of thine,

Which pants and heaves thy labouring Breast,

And grows each moment shorter : Oh *Isabella*,

Must we part for ever, wretch that I am

Bankrupt in Love, can I speak that and live ?

*Isa.* Still so kind ; then prithee tell me,

Whilst I have sense to ask it, why when half dead

With fears, I to *Malavill* deliver'd up the Key,

You sent your cruel Brothers, to the ruin of

The Queen and me.

*Clar.*

*Clar.* Didst thou then see *Malaville*?

*Isa.* I did.

*Clar.* Curst be his memory; it is enough to  
Say that we both have been betray'd,  
Which, when I forgive ye Brothers,  
Dogs gnaw the flesh of *Clarence*,  
Some death horrid and unusual seize me ———  
And send me quick into Perdition.

*Isa.* Oh my *Plantagenet*, oh my lovely dear?  
Whose form my dying eyes pursue, tho now  
They dance in mists give me not greater pangs,  
Than what death brings, when I am dead, as soon  
I shall be, for I feel the cold Tyrant creep  
O'er all my limbs, my heart holds out  
A little longer to charge thee not to Quarrel  
With the King for me;

I cannot die in Peace to leave my love in danger.

*Clar.* Excellent goodness, unexampled patience,  
Oh thou art going and I behold it.

*Isa.* I am indeed, yet I have one thing more to ask;  
Let me be born to the Queen, I've wronged  
And lay my dead body at her feet,  
Too poor the expiation of her sorrows, the fatal  
Ruines which my head-long passion caus'd.

*Clar.* And I, curst I, the black occasion.

*Isa.* Oh no, thou ever wert my hearts desire,  
And may'st thou still remain blest as thou hast been,  
By me beloved, have mercy Heaven on my Youth,  
Forgive my errors and receive me.

(Dies.)

*Clar.* My *Isabella*, my Love, still there is life,  
Her lips have still a lively warmth; I'll have her body  
Thus Embalm'd, and kneel for ever by her side;  
Where is thy rose breath retir'd, thou morning  
Sweetness, thus early snatch'd long before thou hadst  
Reach'd the noon of life, but hold, I had forgot my  
Friends: I pray retire I have some unmanly mournings  
Which the gust of grief for this fair Saint requires,  
That will admit of no Spectators, wait without:  
Anon I'll call ye?

*Foll.* I fear, what he intends yet dare not  
Contradict him, but will send one  
That has more power.

*Clar.* Oh my *Isabella*! we will part no more,  
Let the Bugbear death, fright guilty men,  
Fright those wretches, that brought thy Beauties  
To this untimely paleness,

One kiss, cold as Winters Frost  
 On the first peeping Flowers,  
 Thou perfect sweetness hover a little, or if thou hast arriv'd  
 The blissfull seats, make intercession there for me,  
 And for this death which violent passion  
 Blunges me upon.

(Goes to fall upon his Sword.)

*Warwick enters, and strikes it away.*

*Warw.* Are you a man?

*Clar.* A man, my Lord; yes, that's my Curse! that's  
 My Misfortune: but were I a nobler being,  
 At such a loss, at such a sight,  
 'Twould break the temper of an Angelick frame,  
 And set the Immortal on eternal ravings.

*Warw.* Leave your Romantick Style, and desperate  
 Thoughts, I find there was foul play; had you trusted  
 Me, it might have been prevented; but since 'tis past,  
 Be calm: I would not have the world say,  
 I chose to my Friend a Lunatick, and that's the  
 Kindest name we give self-murderers.

*Clar.* I am so, and surely the soonest mad men  
 Are destroy'd, 'tis best: nay, shou'd you perswade me  
 To be reconciled to life, you'd but preserve it for  
 The Hangmans hands; if I live the King's not safe:  
 Treason and Parricide will be my practice.  
 That dead lovely Image will dwell upon my memory,  
 And still excite me to revenge; no, he can  
 Never be forgot, unless I plunge my self in Riots;  
 Renounce my reason and remembrance,  
 And leave to Fame a blotted story.

*Warw.* Is all your Mothers piety and carefull Lessons  
 Quite forgot? Oh *Clarence*, it would prove a dreadfull  
 Case, to play the Hero here, and find the Christians  
 Punishment beneath.

*Clar.* 'Tis worse to live on in black despair, and sin  
 Beyond forgiveness: Return my Sword, for I  
 Will hear no more.

*Warw.* Do not provoke me to expose your Follies:  
 Your extravagancy is yet unknown,  
 Think of revenge, live to accomplish that,  
 In that I will assist ye, rather than  
 See you fall.

*Clar.* Ay now thou speakest indeed, and charimest me

Into



Into life ; won't thou help me in the just work,  
 Pull the aspirers down, who, without cause,  
 Plotted the destruction of me and all my Joys?

*War.* Carry this fair Maid to the Queens apartment  
 And of her death give there a just account.

*Clar.* Must she then go ? Is that necessary  
 To our contract of revenge ?

*War.* Draw off your Friends, and to my Castle  
 Bend your way : into this business strict enquiry  
 Shall be made ; yes, you shall have Justice !

*Clar.* Nay, by Heaven I will, by *Warwick* (another  
 Oath) I will ; but can *Astrea*, can Justice restore  
 Her back again ? No, 'tis impossible

Therefore to Wilds and Seas I will remove,  
 And taste no comfort since I've lost my love. [Exit

*The Curtain falls : Enter Lord Dacres and Esperanza.*

*Esp.* My Lord, you're come to meet news as sad  
 As what you bring ; to see a wretched Court,  
 The very Epitome of sorrow, and the lovely Queen,  
 Chief Mourner ? who for her Father slain,  
 In distraction raves away the hours she hates,  
 And from her kneeling Servants refuses either  
 Counsel or Support, the fair *Isabella* too,  
 Is forc'd we know not where or to what Fate.

*Dac.* 'Tis from examples like to these, we ought  
 To learn there's no stability below  
 For if these who did command vast Empires,  
 Whose eyes cou'd see no limits to their  
 Extended sway, yet when the mouldring earth  
 Was theirs, cou'd not secure a lasting happiness,  
 What Emet, what Mole, but Man, wou'd heave,  
 And work on in darkness, still living on fates decoy,  
 Deluding hope ; yet never reach the expected day,  
 That brings us Joy Sincere,  
 Show me this Royal sadness,  
 The torrent of whose griefs I'll strive to calm,  
 Tho' 'tis impossible to dry the source.

*Curtain rising, discovers Queen Catharine sitting on a Couch, with Herbs  
 and Flowers by her, attended.*

*Cat.* Here, give me more, more of the Cypress, and  
 That grave shading yew, let the Carnations lose their colour,  
 And display the blooming Rose in some black die,

Till I've made my Garland

Dark as my Woes, and Dismal as my Despair

*Dac.* Ha! 'is worse than I expected, Oh *Henry*! it is not given sure for those above to view their Friends beneath, if 'twere this sight wou'd interrupt Thy Peace, and turn thee a Sympathizing mourner 'Midst the blest.

*Cat.* Who's there, my Lord *Dacres*?

*Dac.* Your ready Servant, who weeps to see the Majesty of *France* and *England* thus employ'd.

*Cat.* You think me mad! alas, Sir, I am not so happy: Indeed I'm trying, 'fast as e'er I can to obtain The blessing; but yet, I remember that *Tudor* Was, that he was, faithfull, lovely, good, and Murder'd for all that, yes, at my feet he fell— Come all ye Bedlam wretches, shake your horrid Chains, grin and scream around me, 'till my Brains are quite o'eturn'd; let me feel all your Stripes, and wants, and straw, so I am rid of the Racks my mind indures: the Trumpets when They sounded *Edward's* Victorious entrance, here Were such Mofick——yet that will not do!

*Dac.* What shall I say, words but augment the wounds, They cannot cure; to tell this Royal fair, that she once had temper, that she bore my great Masters loss with Saint-like patience, to urge That now, alas, is vain.

*Cat.* True, *Dacres*; for that was the work of Heaven, And Heaven gave me patience: but this is Hell, All Hell, and 'tis from thence I rave.

*Dac.* Fain I wou'd injoy you hear me, I dart not Give my self so bold a name as Friend.

*Cat.* Friends, I've none, if thou pretempt to bught, Be gone, and leave me: Leave me to earth and Deep despair; death and destruction are the Only Friends I chuse. Here will I fall; strow me With herbs and flowers, then weep About meas if I were dead: perhaps I may Grow senseless.

*Dac.* Oh deep excess of mourning: to which I have But one Argument in answer: come forth ye Charming little ones, and raise your drooping Mother.

[He leads in the Queens Children in Mourning.

*Cat. rising.*] Ha!

*Dac.* Kneel, sweet Images of lovely *Catharine*! kneel! Speak not, but heave your little hands for

Mer-

Mercy, 'tis the Queen alone can save you ; whilst  
 She lives *France* is potent, and must be fear'd  
 If violence is offer'd ; but your Protectress gone  
 You may be swallowed in the Whirlpool of  
 Ambition, and the crime forgot : See how their  
 Infant eyes are wet with tears, they are frighten'd,  
 Tho' they do not know for what.

*Cat.* Oh, *Dacres* ! *Dacres* ! why hast thou done this ?  
 Now I do remember, *Tudor's* words, his last  
 Desire, that I shou'd live for them ; raise 'em  
 From Earth, their tender knees will ake ; no,  
 Let 'em kneel on, they are born slaves ; and  
 Must, perhaps, be much longer compell'd to  
 Do their duty.

*Dac.* Now by the Soul of my great master, by Royal  
*Henry*, I read in these fatal lines Majestick glory !  
 Methinks I am inspir'd to say, from these branches,  
 Shall come a noble stock of Princes, which must Bless  
 And Wed, and intermixing, heal the distracted Land,  
 Behold the Queen and *Tudor's* blooming grace,  
 Nature her self can scarce make such another face.

*Cat.* Oh bring 'em near me, thou Oracle, thou fount  
 Of goodness, do what thou won't with me and them.

*Dac.* Upon the banks of Silver *Thames*, there is a  
 Monastery which seems as built for retiring Princes ; so  
 Quiet, and so neatly form'd, near the Metropolis it  
 Stands, there you may live in peace, my self will quit  
 All further thoughts of Business, or of State, and if I  
 Once inquire into the World, it shall be only for  
 Your safety, and the good of these.

*Cat.* I thank thee, *Dacres*, and, I thank Heaven I am  
 Compos'd.

*Enter Esperanza.*

*Esp.* Oh horror ! accumulated sorrows, like rowling  
 Billows, heap upon us still.

*Dac.* Peace, the Queen but now is calm, disturb her  
 With no new affliction ?

*Cat.* I stand prepar'd, there's nothing now can shock  
 Me ; Speak !

*Esp.* The lovely *Isabella* is brought dead, the bearers  
 Say, her last request was your Forgiveness, that  
 She might be laid at your Royal feet, and your  
 Majesty wou'd pardon her unwilling fault.



*Cal.* On *Esperanza*! too late you told me of her  
Intended flight, Love was her only crime; yet she proved  
Fate's cruel Instrument of my undoing, who  
This was, why so ordained is beyond mortal inquiry,  
And I shoud submit.

Where is the poor unhappy Maid? alas!  
But she is past it all, and

Now finds rest, for if fast Innocence can reach

The bright Aethereal seats; they surely there

Give order for our instant March; let her Corps

Precede the dismal journey, and let us follow

Those sad Friends their best beloved to the last

Stage, the Grave.

*My Dacres*, that's the sure reception of us all,

But they sleep best who do with honour fall.

*[Exit Enter Comm.]*

*Enter Edward, Duke of Gloucester, and Officers*

*Edw.* She's gone, and with her go all that ever

Discompos'd my Soul, now to Glory and his Country's

Good, *Edward* wholly will devote himself; let us

towards *London* take our triumphant way;

That City in whose favour we are blest.

*Glon.* You, I suppose, have heard that *Clarence*

Proclaims his wrongs a lord, that *Warwick* owns his

Cause, and with a Guard has sent him to his Castle.

*Edw.* Towards that rash Prince, my Lords, we doubt

Not to approve our self a Friend and Brother; if

*Warwick* sides with him, tho' he stands high

In our esteem, yet we won't fear the Warrior,

Nor call the work of Heaven his alone.

*Kingdoms are given by the powers above,*

*And the chief blessing is our peoples love:*

*Whilst we are just, they ought and must be kind,*

*No Cement does so fast as Justice binds.*

**FINIS**